





THE
WORKS
OF
Dr. Edward Young. *K*

IN SIX VOLUMES.

REVISED and CORRECTED by Himself.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED.

An ACCOUNT of the LIFE of the AUTHOR.

A NEW EDITION.

VOL. I.



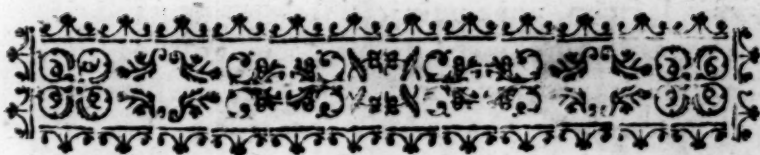
L O N D O N :

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DART, and P. BLAND.

MDCCLXXVIII.



Rev.^d D^r EDW.^d YOUNG,
Author of the Night Thoughts, &c.



THE
L I F E
O F
DR. EDWARD YOUNG.

DR. EDWARD YOUNG was the son of a divine of the Church of *England*, of the same name, and who was himself superiorly eminent as a Christian and a scholar. Of this worthy man there remains two volumes of sermons upon various occasions, which are reckoned some of the best in our language. Such learning, and so good an example, were not slow in exciting the emulation of our poet; who was taught by his father the arts both of morals and humanity. When qualified for the university, he was matriculated into *All-Souls* college in *Oxford*; and designing to follow the civil law, took a degree in that profession. It was while in this situation that he wrote his poem on the *Last Day*, which, coming
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from a layman, gave universal satisfaction : and this was soon after followed by his poem, entitled, *The Force of Religion, or Vanquish'd Love* ; which was well received by the public, but was particularly pleasing to the noble family for whose amusement it was chiefly calculated. Such was the success of these two poems, in an age when the noblest productions were common, and even the meanest rewarded, that he was taken particular notice of by several of the nobility ; and the turn of his mind leading him to the church, he went into orders, and was made one of the king's chaplains ; he afterwards obtained the living of *Welwyn*, in *Hertfordshire*, worth about five hundred pounds *per annum* : and though ever in the full blaze of favour, he never had the fortune to rise to greater preferment. Indeed, during the last reign, the arts of poetry, or of real eloquence, were but little promoted or encouraged from the throne. YOUNG could expect no great honours from a master who hated poetry, and styled all poets with the odious appellation of *buffoons*. For some years before the death of the late Prince of *Wales*, YOUNG, who was in favour with his Royal Highness, attended the court pretty constantly ; but upon his decease, all his hopes of church-advancement vanished, and towards the latter end of his life, his very desires of fortune seemed to forsake him. For in his *Night Thoughts*, mentioning himself, he observes, that there was one in Britain born, with courtiers bred, who thought even wealth might come a day too late. Notwithstanding, upon the death of the late Dr. *Hales*, he was taken into the service of the princess-dowager of *Wales*, and succeeded as her privy chaplain.

When

When pretty far advanced in life, he married the lady *Elizabeth Lee*, daughter of the late earl of *Litchfield*. This lady was a widow, and had two children, a son and a daughter, who were both extremely meritorious, but both died young, and within a short time of each other. What he felt for their loss, as well as for that of his wife, we may easily perceive, by his fine poem of the *Night Thoughts*, in which they are characterized; the young lady under the name of *Narcissa*, her brother by that of *Phlander*, and his wife, though nameless, is frequently mentioned. He thus deplores his loss, in an apostrophe to death:

Insatiate archer! could not once suffice?

*Thy shaft flew thrice, and thrice my peace was slain,
And thrice ere thrice yon moon renew'd her horn.*

But to return: though in orders, he still continued to cultivate the muses; and at different times he published his tragedies and poems, each of which were reckoned excellent in their way. His satires, entitled, *The Love of Fame the Universal Passion*, are by many considered as his principal performance, and were written early in life.

As to his tragedies; the best of these is the *Revenge*. This play, as a modern critic informs us, met, and justly, with very great success. The design of it seems to have been borrowed partly from *Shakespeare's Othello*, and partly from *Mrs. Behn's Abdalazar*: the plot bearing many marks of the former; and the principal character, *Zanga*, of the latter. Yet it will not surely be saying too much, when we affirm, that Dr. Young has, in some re-

spects, considerably improved his originals. If we compare the *Iago* in one with the *Zanga* in the other tragedy, we shall find the motives of resentment greatly different, and those of YOUNG much more justly, as well as more nobly founded than those of *Shakespeare*. *Iago's* cause of revenge against *Othello*, is only his having set a younger officer over his head, on a particular and single vacancy, notwithstanding he himself has the justest reason to expect a post of equal advantage. To this is added a slight suspicion of *Othello's* having been great with his wife. But *Zanga's* cause of anger is different: The death of his father slain by *Alonzo*, the loss of a kingdom in consequence of his success, and the indignity of a blow received from the same hand; all these accumulated injuries, added to the impossibility of finding a nobler means of revenge, urge him, against his will, to the subtilties and underhand methods he employs. *Othello's* jealousy is raised by trifles; and by appearing too credulous, he forfeits that pity which his distresses might demand: *Alonzo*, on the contrary, long struggles against conviction, nor proceeds to extremities, till he finds *Proofs rise on proofs, and still the last the strongest*. In a word, we may assign this piece, with great justice, a place in the very first rank of our dramatic writings; and were we to shew foreigners a tragedy, as a sample of *English* genius, after two or three others, perhaps this might be adduced as a specimen.

The tragedy of *Busiris* was acted before that of the *Revenge*; but is much inferior in merit.

His last tragedy is entitled the *Brothers*, and written upon the plan of a *French* piece of great merit. The whole profits gained by the representation of

this play were given by the author to charitable purposes.

But to leave him in the dramatic walk, let us turn to him as the moral and melancholy poet who wrote the *Night Thoughts*; a species of poetry peculiarly his own, and in which he has been unrivalled by all those who attempted to write in his manner. The applause which he has received for these is unbounded; *the unhappy bard, whose griefs in melting numbers flow, and melancholy joys diffuse around*, has been sung by the profane as well as the pious. These, as we have already observed, were written under the recent pressure of his sorrow for the loss of his wife, daughter, and son-in-law; they are addressed to *Lorenzo*, a man of pleasure and the world, and who, as it is insinuated by some, is his own son, but then labouring under his father's displeasure. In these admirable poems there are flights of thinking almost superhuman; such is his description of Death from his secret stand noting down all the follies of a Bacchanalian Society, the epitaph upon the departed world, the issuing of *Satan* from his dungeon on the day of judgment: but his noblest flights are frequently allayed by poultry witticisms and a jingle of words; many thoughts finely started are tired down; and, like Ovid, he plays with his metaphors till he has spoiled them.

Of his prose productions there are few remaining. His *Centaur not Fabulous*, and his *Conjectures on Original Composition*, are the most considerable. The last of these seemed a brightning before death, and it had been well if the author had stopt here; but that taper which blazed as it declined, was at last exhibited to the public as burning in the socket, in a

work called the *Resignation*, the last but the worst of all Dr. YOUNG's performances.

But this failure in old age could no way diminish the fame he had been earning by a life of more than sixty years of excellence. As a poet, he was still considered as the only palladium we had left of ancient genius; and, as a Christian, one of the finest examples of primeval piety. The turn of his mind was naturally solemn; and he usually, when at home in the country, spent many hours of the day walking in his own church, and among the tombs: his conversation, his writings, had all a reference to the life after this; and this turn of disposition mixed itself even with his improvements in gardening. He had, for instance, an alcove with a bench so painted, near his house, that at a distance it looked like a real one which the spectator was then approaching. Upon coming up near it, however, the deception was perceived, and this motto appeared: *Invisibilia non decipiunt*, "The things unseen do not deceive us." Yet, notwithstanding this gloominess of temper, he was fond of innocent sports and amusements; he instituted an assembly and a bowling-green in the parish of which he was rector, and often promoted the gaiety of the company in person. His wit was generally poignant, and ever levelled at those who testified any contempt for decency and religion. His epigram, spoken extempore upon Voltaire, is well known, who happening in his company to ridicule Milton, and the allegorical personages of Death and Sin, YOUNG thus addressed him:

*Thou art so witty, profligate, and thin,
You seem a Milton with his Death and Sin.*

One Sunday preaching in office at St. *James's*, he found, that, though he strove to make his audience attentive, he could not prevail. Upon which his pity for their folly got the better of all decorums, and he sat back in the pulpit, and burst into a flood of tears.

Towards the latter part of his life, he knew his own infirmities, and suffered himself to be in pupilage to his house-keeper; for he considered, that at a certain time of life the second childhood of age demanded its wonted protection. His son, whose boyish follies were long obnoxious to paternal severity, was at last forgiven in his will; and our poet died regretted by all, having performed all that ~~man~~ could do to fill his post with dignity.

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A
P O E M
ON THE
LAST DAY.

IN THREE BOOKS.

Venit summa dies. — — VIRG.

A 6.

VER-

P. O. E. M.

ON THE

EAST DAY.

IN THREE BOOKS.

With Notes and a Glossary.

VER.

A 6

V E R S E S

T O T H E

A U T H O R.

NOW let the *Atheist* tremble ; Thou alone
Can bid his conscious heart the Godhead own.
Whom shalt thou not reform ? O thou hast seen
How God descends to judge the souls of men.
Thou heard'st the sentence how the guilty mourn,
Driv'n out from God, and never to return.

Yet more, behold ten thousand thunders fall,
And sudden vengeance wrap the flaming ball :
When nature sunk, when every bolt was hurl'd,
Thou saw'st the boundless ruins of the world.

When guilty *Sodom* felt the burning rain,
And sulphur fell on the devoted plain ;
The *patriarch* thus, the fiery tempest past,
With pious horror view'd the desert waste ;
The restless smoke still wav'd its curls around,
For ever rising from the glowing ground.

But tell me, oh ! what heav'nly pleasure tell,
To think so greatly, and describe so well !
How wast thou pleas'd the wondrous theme to try,
And find the thought of man could rise so high ?

Beyond

Beyond this world the labour to pursue,
And open all ETERNITY to view?

But thou art best delighted to rehearse
Heav'n's holy dictates in exalted verse :
O thou hast power the harden'd heart to warm,
To grieve, to raise, to terrify, to charm ;
To fix the soul on God ; to teach the mind
To know the dignity of human-kind ;
By stricter rules well-governed life to scan,
And practise o'er the angel in the man.

Magd. Coll.
Oxon.

T. WARTON.

To





TO A LADY, with the LAST DAY.

MADAM,

HERE, sacred truths, in lofty numbers told,
The prospect of a future state unfold:
The realms of night to mortal view display,
And the glad regions of eternal day.
This daring author scorns, by vulgar ways
Of guilty wit, to merit worthless praise.
Full of her glorious theme, his tow'ring muse,
With gen'rous zeal, a nobler fame pursues:
Religion's cause her ravish'd heart inspires,
And with a thousand bright ideas fires;
Transports her quick, impatient, piercing eye,
O'er the strait limits of *mortality*,
To boundless orbs, and bids her fearless soar,
Where only MILTON gain'd renown before;
Where various scenes alternately excite
Amazement, pity, terror, and delight.

Thus did the muses sing in early times,
'Ere skill'd to flatter vice, and varnish crimes:
Their lyres were tun'd to virtuous sons alone,
And the chaste poet, and the priest, were one.
But now, forgetful of their infant state,
They sooth the wanton pleasures of the great:
And from the press, and the licentious stage,
With luscious poison taint the thoughtless age;
Deceitful charms attract our wond'ring eyes,
And specious ruin unsuspected lies.
So the rich soil of *India's* blooming shores,
Adorn'd with lavish nature's choicest stores,

Where

16 To a LADY, with the LAST DAY.

Where serpents lurk, by flow'rs conceal'd from sight,
Hides fatal danger under gay delight.

These purer thoughts from gross alloys refin'd,
With heav'nly raptures elevate the mind :
Not fram'd to raise a giddy short liv'd joy,
Whose false allurements, while they please, destroy ;
But blifs resembling that of saints above,
Sprung from the vision of th' Almighty Love :
Firm, solid blifs, for ever great and new,
The more 'tis known, the more admir'd, like you ;
Like you, fair nymph, in whom united meet
Endearing sweetness, unaffected wit,
And all the glories of your sparkling race,
While inward virtues heighten ev'ry grace.
By these secur'd, you will with pleasure read
Of future judgment, and the rising dead ;
Of time's grand period, heav'n and earth o'erthrown ;
And gasping nature's last tremendous groan.
These, when the stars and sun shall be no more,
Shall beauty to your ravag'd form restore :
Then shall you shine with an immortal ray,
Improv'd by death, and brighten'd by decay.

Pemb. Coll,
Oxon,

T. TRISTRAM.

To

TO THE AUTHOR,

On his *Last Day* and *Universal Passion*.

AND must it be as thou hast sung,
Celestial bard, seraphic YOUNG ?
Will there no trace, no point be found
Of all this spacious glorious round ?
Yon lamps of light, must they decay ?
On nature's self, destruction prey ?
Then fame, the most immortal thing
Ev'n thou can'st hope, is on the wing.
Shall NEWTON'S System be admir'd,
When time and motion are expir'd ?
Shall souls be curious to explore
Who rul'd an orb that is no more ?
Or shall they quote the pictur'd age,
From POPE'S and Thy corrective page,
When vice and virtue lose their name
In deathless joy, or endless shame ?
While wears away the grand machine,
The works of genius shall be seen :
Beyond, what laurels can there be,
For HOMER, HORACE, POPE, or THEE ?
Through life we chase, with fond pursuit,
What mocks our hope, like *Sodom's* fruit :
And sure, thy plan was well design'd,
To cure this madness of the mind ;

First,

First, beyond time our thoughts to raise ;
 Then lash our love of transient praise.
 In both, we own thy doctrine just ;
 And fame's a breath, and men are dust.

1736.

J. BANCHES.



THE



Let earth dissolve, yon kindrous orbs descend
And grind us into dust; the soul is safe.
The man emerges mounts above the wreck
As towering flame from nature's funeral pyre.



THE
LAST DAY.

BOOK I.

*Ipse pater, media nimborum in nocte, corusca
Fulmina molitur dextra. Quo maxima motu
Terra tremit : fugere feræ ! et mortalia corda
Per gentes humilis stravit pavor. — VIRG.*

WHILE others sing the fortune of the Great ;
Empire and Arms, and all the pomp of
state :

With *Britain's* Hero * set their souls on fire,
And grow immortal as his deeds inspire ;
I draw a deeper scene: a scene that yields
A louder trumpet, and more dreadful fields ;
The world alarm'd, both earth and heav'n o'erthrown,
And gasping Nature's last tremendous groan ;

* The Duke of MARLBOROUGH.

Death's

Death's ancient sceptre broke, the teeming tomb,
The righteous Judge, and man's eternal doom.

'Twixt joy and pain I view the bold design,
And ask my anxious heart, if it be mine.

Whatever great or dreadful has been done
Within the sight of conscious stars or sun,

Is far beneath my daring : I look down

On all the splendors of the *British* crown.

This globe is for my verse a narrow bound ;

Attend me, all the glorious worlds around !

O! all ye angels, howsoe'er disjoin'd,

Of every various order, place, and kind,

Hear, and assist, a feeble mortal's lays ;

'Tis your *Eternal King* I strive to praise.

But chiefly Thou, great Ruler! Lord of all!

Before whose throne archangels prostrate fall ;

If at thy nod, from discord, and from night,

Sprang beauty, and yon sparkling worlds of light,

Exalt e'en me ; all inward tumults quell ;

The clouds and darkness of my mind dispel ;

To my great subject thou my breast inspire,

And raise my lab'ring soul with equal fire.

Man, bear thy brow aloft, view every grace

In God's great offspring, beauteous Nature's face :

See spring's gay bloom ; see golden autumn's store ;

See how earth smiles, and hear old ocean roar.

Leviathans but heave their cumb'rous mail,

It makes a tide, and wind-bound navies fail.

Here, forests rise, the mountain's awful pride ;

Here, rivers measure climes, and worlds divide ;

There, vallies fraught with gold's resplendent seeds,

Hold kings, and kingdoms fortunes, in their beds :

There, to the skies, aspiring hills ascend,

And into distant lands their shades extend.

View

View cities, armies, fleets; of fleets the pride,
See *Europe's* law, in *Albion's* channel ride.
View the whole earth's vast landscape unconfin'd,
Or view in *Britain* all her glories join'd.

Then let the firmament thy wonder raise;
'Twill raise thy wonder, but transcend thy praise.
How far from east to west? The lab'ring eye
Can scarce the distant azure bounds descry:
Wide theatre! where tempests play at large,
And God's right-hand can all its wrath discharge.
Mark how those radiant lamps inflame the pole,
Call forth the seasons, and the year controul:
They shine through time, with an unalter'd ray:
See This grand period rise, and That decay:
So *vast*, this world's a grain; yet myriads grace,
With golden pomp, the throng'd ethereal space;
So *bright*, with such a wealth of glory stor'd,
'Twere sin in heathens not to have ador'd.

How great, how firm, how sacred, all appears!
How worthy an immortal round of years!
Yet all must drop, as autumn's sickliest grain,
And earth and firmament be sought in vain:
The tract forgot where *constellations* shone,
Or where the *STUARTS* fil'd an awful throne:
Time shall be slain, all *nature* be destroy'd,
Nor leave an atom in the mighty void.

Sooner, or later, in some future date,
(A dreadful secret in the book of fate!)
This hour, for aught all human wisdom knows,
Or when ten thousand harvests more have rose;
When scenes are chang'd on this revolving earth,
Old empires fall, and give new empires birth;
While other *Bourbons* rule in other lands,
And (if man's sin forbids not) other *ANNES*;

While

While the still busy world is treading o'er
The paths they trod five thousand years before,
Thoughtless as those who *now* life's mazes run,
Of earth dissolv'd, or an extinguish'd sun ;
(Ye sublunary worlds, awake, awake !
Ye rulers of the nation, hear, and shake !)
Thick clouds of darkness shall arise on day ;
In sudden night all earth's dominions lay ;
Impetuous winds the scatter'd forests rend ;
Eternal mountains, like their cedars, bend ;
The vallies yawn, the troubled ocean roar,
And break the bondage of his wonted shore ;
A sanguine stain the silver moon o'erspread ;
Darkness the circle of the sun invade ;
From inmost heav'n incessant thunders roll,
And the strong echo bound from pole to pole.

When, lo, a mighty trump, one half conceal'd
In clouds, one half to mortal eye reveal'd,
Shall pour a dreadful note . the piercing call
Shall rattle in the centre of the ball ;
Th' extended circuit of creation shake,
The living die with fear, the dead awake.

Oh pow'rful blast ! to which no equal sound
Did e'er the frighted ear of nature wound,
Though rival clarions have been strain'd on high,
And kindled wars immortal through the sky,
Though God's whole enginery discharg'd, and all
The rebel-angels bellow'd in their fall.

Have angels sinn'd ? and shall not man beware ?
How shall a son of earth decline the snare ?
Not folded arms, and slackness of the mind,
Can promise for the safety of mankind :
None are supinely good : through care and pain,
And various arts, the steep ascent we gain.

This

This is the scene of combat, not of rest,
Man's is laborious happiness at best;
On this side death his dangers never cease,
His joys are joys of conquest, not of peace.

If then, obsequious to the will of fate,
'And bending to the terms of human state,
When guilty joys invite us to their arms,
When beauty smiles, or grandeur spreads her
 charms,

The conscious soul would *this* great scene display,
Call down th' immortal hosts in dread array,
The *trumpet* sound, the Christian banner spread,
And raise from silent graves the trembling dead;
Such deep impression would the picture make,
No pow'r on earth her firm resolve could shake;
Engag'd with angels she would greatly stand,
And look regardless down on sea and land;
Not proffer'd worlds her ardour could restrain,
And death might shake his threat'ning lance in vain!
Her certain conquest would endear the fight,
And danger serve but to exalt delight.

Instructed thus to shun the fatal spring,
Whence flow the terrors of that *day* I sing;
More boldly we our labours may pursue,
And all the dreadful image set to view.

The sparkling eye, the sleek and painted breast,
The burnish'd scale, curl'd train, and rising crest,
All that is lovely in the noxious snake,
Provokes our fear, and bids us flee the brake:
The sting once drawn, his guiltless beauties rise
In pleasing lustre, and detain our eyes;
We view with joy, what once did horror move,
And strong aversion softens into love.

Say

Say then, my muse, whom dismal scenes delight,
Frequent at tombs, and in the realms of night;
Say, melancholy maid, if bold to dare
The last extremes of terror and despair;
Oh say, what change on earth, what heart in man,
This blackest moment since the world began.

Ah mournful turn! the blissful earth, who late
At leisure on her axle roll'd in state;
While thousand golden planets knew no rest,
Still onward in their circling journey prest;
A grateful change of seasons some to bring,
And sweet vicissitude of fall and spring:
Some through vast oceans to conduct the keel,
And some those watry worlds to sink, or swell:
Around her some their splendors to display,
And gild her globe with tributary day:
This world so great, of joy the bright abode,
Heav'n's darling child, and fay'rite of her God,
Now looks an exile from her Father's care,
Deliver'd o'er to darkness and despair.
No sun in radiant glory shines on high;
No light, but from the terrors of the sky:
Fall'n are her mountains, her fam'd rivers lost,
And all into a second chaos tost:
One universal ruin spreads abroad;
Nothing is safe beneath the throne of God.

Such, earth, thy fate: what then canst thou afford
To comfort and support thy guilty lord?
Man, haughty lord of all beneath the moon,
How must he bend his soul's ambition down?
Prostrate, the reptile own, and disavow
His boasted stature, and assuming brow?
Claim kindred with the clay, and curse his form,
That speaks distinction from his sister-worm?

What

What dreadful pangs the trembling heart invade?
Lord, why dost thou forsake, whom thou hast made?
Who can sustain thy anger? who can stand
Beneath the terrors of thy lifted hand?
It flies the reach of thought; oh save me, Pow'r
Of pow'rs supreme, in that tremendous hour!
Thou, who beneath the frown of Fate hast stood,
And in thy dreadful agony sweat blood;
Thou, who for me, through every throbbing vein,
Hast felt the keenest edge of mortal pain;
Whom death led captive through the realms below,
And taught those horrid mysteries of woe;
Defend me, O my God! Oh save me, Pow'r
Of pow'rs supreme, in that tremendous hour!

From east to west they fly, from pole to line,
Imploring shelter from the wrath divine;
Beg flames to wrap, or whelming seas to sweep,
Or rocks to yawn, compassionately deep:
Seas cast the monster forth to meet his doom,
And rocks but prison up for wrath to come.

So fares a traitor to an earthly crown;
While death sits threat'ning in his prince's frown,
His heart's dismay'd; and now his fears command,
To change his native for a distant land:
Swift orders fly, the king's severe decree
Stands in the channel, and locks up the sea;
'The port he seeks, obedient to her lord,
Hurls back the rebel to his lifted sword.

But why this idle toil to paint *that* day?
This time elaborately thrown away?
Words all in vain pant after the distress,
The height of eloquence would make it less;
Heav'ns! how the *good* man trembles!—

And is there a *Last Day*? and must there come
A sure, a fix'd, inexorable doom?

Ambition swell, and, thy proud sails to show,
Take all the winds that *vanity* can blow;
Wealth on a golden mountain blazing stand,
And reach an *India* forth in either hand;
Spread all thy purple clusters, tempting *vine*,
And thou, more dreaded foe, bright *beauty*, shine;
Shine all; in all your charms together rise;
That all, in all your charms, I may despise,
While I mount upward on a strong desire,
Borne, like *Elijah*, in a car of fire.

In hopes of glory to be quite involv'd!
To smile at death! to long to be dissolv'd!
From our decays a pleasure to receive!
And kindle into transport at a grave!
What equals *this*? And shall the victor now
Boast the proud laurels on his loaded brow?
Religion! Oh thou cherub, heav'nly bright!
Oh joys unmix'd, and fathomless delight!
Thou, Thou art all; nor find I in the whole
Creation aught, but God and my own soul.

For ever then, my soul, thy God adore,
Nor let the brute creation praise him more.
Shall things inanimate my conduct blame,
And flush my conscious cheek with spreading shame?
They all for him pursue, or quit their end;
The mounting flames their burning pow'r suspend;
In solid heaps th' unfrozen billows stand
To rest and silence aw'd by his command:
Nay, the dire monsters that infest the flood,
By nature dreadful, and athirst for blood,
His will can calm, their savage tempers bind,
And turn to mild protectors of mankind.

Did

Did not the prophet this great truth maintain
In the deep chambers of the gloomy main ;
When darkness round him all her horrors spread,
And the loud ocean bellow'd o'er his head?

When now the thunder roars, the lightning flies,
And all the warring winds tumultuous rise ;
When now the foaming surges, tost on high,
Disclose the sands beneath, and touch the sky ;
When death draws near, the mariners aghast,
Look back with terror on their actions past ;
Their courage sickens into deep dismay,
Their hearts, through fear and anguish, melt away ;
Nor tears, nor pray'rs, the tempest can appease ;
Now they devote their treasure to the seas ;
Unload their shatter'd barque, tho' richly fraught,
And think the hopes of life are cheaply bought
With gems and gold ; but oh, the storm so high !
Nor gems nor gold the hopes of life can buy.

The trembling prophet then, themselves to save,
They headlong plunge into the briny wave ;
Down he descends, and, booming o'er his head,
The billows close ; he's number'd with the dead.
(Hear, O ye just ! attend, ye virtuous few !
And the bright paths of piety pursue)
Lo ! the great Ruler of the world, from high,
Looks smiling down with a propitious eye,
Covers his servant with his gracious hand,
And bids tempestuous nature silent stand ;
Commands the peaceful waters to give place,
Or kindly fold him in a soft embrace :
He bridles in the monsters of the deep :
The bridled monsters awful distance keep :
Forget their hunger, while they view their prey ;
And guiltless gaze, and round the stranger play.

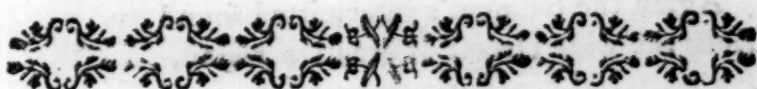
But still arise new wonders ; nature's Lord
Sends forth into the deep his pow'rful word,
And calls the great leviathan : the great
Leviathan attends in all his state ;
Exults for joy, and, with a mighty bound,
Makes the sea shake, and heav'n and earth resound ;
Blackens the waters with the rising sand,
And drives vast billows to the distant land.

As yawns an earthquake, when imprison'd air
Struggles for vent, and lays the centre bare,
The whale expands his jaws' enormous size ;
The prophet views the cavern with surprize ;
Measures his monstrous teeth, afar descry'd,
And rolls his wond'ring eyes from side to side :
Then takes possession of the spacious seat,
And sails secure within the dark retreat.

Now is he pleas'd the northern blast to hear,
And hangs on liquid mountains, void of fear ;
Or falls immers'd into the depths below,
Where the dead silent waters never flow ;
To the foundations of the hills convey'd,
Dwells in the shelving mountain's dreadful shade :
Where plummet never reach'd, he draws his breath,
And glides serenely through the paths of death.

Two wond'raus days and nights thro' coral groves,
Through labyrinths of rocks and sands, he roves :
When the third morning with its level rays
The mountains gilds, and on the billows plays,
It sees the king of waters rise and pour
His sacred guest uninjur'd on the shore :
A type of that great blessing, which the muse
In her next labour ardently pursues.

THE



THE
LAST DAY.

BOOK II.

— Ἐκ γαίης ἐλπίζομεν εἰς φάος ἐλθεῖν.
 Λεῖψαι ἀποικομένων· ὅπισθ' δὲ Θεοὶ τελευτῶσι.

PHOCYL.

i. e.

— *We hope, that the departed will rise again from
 the dust: after which, like the gods, they will be
 immortal.*

NOW Man awakes, and from his silent bed,
 Where he has slept for ages, lifts his head;
 Shakes off the slumber of ten thousand years,
 And on the borders of new worlds appears.
 Whate'er the bold, the rash, adventure cost,
 In wide ETERNITY I dare be lost.
 The muse is wont in narrow bounds to sing,
 To teach the swain, or celebrate the king.
 I grasp the whole, no more to parts confin'd,
 I lift my voice, and sing to human kind:
 I sing to men and angels; angels join,
 While such the theme, their sacred songs with mine.

B 3

Again

Again the trumpet's intermitted sound
Rolls the wide circuit of creation round,
An universal concourse to prepare
Of all that ever breath'd the vital air :
In some wide field, which active whirlwinds sweep,
Drive cities, forests, mountains, to the deep,
To smooth and lengthen out th' unbounded space,
And spread an area for all human race.

Now monuments prove faithful to their trust,
And render back their long committed dust.
Now charnels rattle ; scatter'd limbs, and all
The various bones, obsequious to the call,
Self-mov'd, advance ; the neck perhaps to meet
The distant head ; the distant legs the feet.
Dreadful to view, see through the dusky sky
Fragments of bodies in confusion fly,
To distant regions journeying, there to claim
Deserted members, and complete the frame.

When the world bow'd to *Rome's* almighty sword,
Rome bow'd to POMPEY, and confess'd her lord.
Yet one day lost, this deity below
Became the scorn and pity of his foe.
His blood a traitor's sacrifice was made,
And smok'd indignant on a ruffian's blade.
No trumpet's sound, no gasping army's yell,
Bid, with due horror, his great soul farewell.
Obscure his fall ! all welt'ring in his gore,
His trunk was cast to perish on the shore !
While JULIUS frown'd the bloody monster dead,
Who brought the world in his great rival's head.
This sever'd head and trunk shall join once more,
Though realms now rise between, and oceans roar.
The trumpet's sound each fragrant mote shall hear,
Or fix'd in earth, or if afloat in air,

Obey

Obeys the signal wafted in the wind,
And not one sleeping atom lag behind.

So swarming bees, that on a summer's day
In airy rings, and wild meanders play,
Charm'd with the brazen sound, their wand'rings
end,

And, gently circling, on a bough descend.

The body thus renew'd, the conscious soul,
Which has perhaps been flutt'ring near the pole,
Or midst the burning planets wond'ring stray'd,
Or hover'd o'er where her pale corpse was laid;
Or rather coasted on her final state,
And fear'd or wish'd for, her appointed fate:
This soul, returning with a constant flame,
Now weds for ever her immortal frame.
Life, which ran down before, so high is wound,
The springs maintain an everlasting round.

Thus a frail model of the work design'd
First takes a copy of the builder's mind,
Before the structure firm with lasting oak,
And marble bowels of the solid rock,
Turns the strong arch, and bids the columns rise,
And bear the lofty palace to the skies;
The wrongs of time enabled to surpass,
With bars of adamant, and ribs of brass.

That ancient, sacred, and illustrious * dome,
Where soon or late fair *Albion's* heroes come,
From camps, and courts, tho' great, or wise, or just,
To feed the worm, and moulder into dust;
That solemn mansion of the royal dead,
Where passing slaves o'er sleeping monarchs tread,
Now populous o'erflows: a num'rous race
Of rising kings fill all th' extended space:

B 4

A

* Westminster Abbey.

A life well spent, not the victorious sword,
Awards the crown, and stiles the greater lord.

Nor monuments alone, and burial-earth,
Labours with man to this his second birth;
But where gay palaces in pomp arise,
And gilded theatres invade the skies,
Nations shall wake, whose unrespected bones
Support the pride of their luxurious sons.
The most magnificent and costly dome
Is but an upper chamber to a tomb.
No spot on earth, but has supply'd a grave,
And human skulls the spacious ocean pave.
All's full of man; and at this dreadful turn,
The swarm shall issue, and the hive shall burn.

Not all at once, nor in like manner, rise:
Some lift with pain their slow unwilling eyes:
Shrink backward from the terror of the light,
And bless the grave, and call for lasting night.
Others, whose long-attempted virtue stood
Fix'd as a rock, and broke the rushing flood,
Whose firm resolve, nor beauty could melt down,
Nor raging tyrants from their posture frown;
Such, in this day of horrors, shall be seen
To face the thunders with a godlike mien;
The planets drop, their thoughts are fixt above;
The centre shakes, their hearts disdain to move:
An earth dissolving, and a heav'n thrown wide,
A yawning gulph, and fiends on every side,
Serene they view, impatient of delay,
And bless the dawn of everlasting day.

Here *greatness* prostrate falls; there, *strength* gives
place;

Here, *lazars* smile; there, beauty hides her face.

Christians,

Christians, and Jews, and Turks, and Pagans stand,
A blended throng, one undistinguished band.
Some who, perhaps, by mutual wounds expir'd,
With zeal for their distinct persuasions fir'd,
In mutual friendship their long slumber break,
And hand in hand their Saviour's love partake.

But none are flush'd with brighter joy, or, warm
With juster confidence, enjoy the storm,
Than those, whose pious bounties, unconfin'd,
Have made them public fathers of mankind.
In that illustrious rank, what shining light
With such distinguish'd glory fills my sight?
Bend down, my grateful muse, that homage show,
Which to such worthies thou art proud to owe.

WICKHAM! FOX! CHICHELEY! hail, illustrious
† names,

Who to far distant times dispense your beams;
Beneath your shades, and near your chrystal springs,
I first presum'd to touch the trembling strings.
All hail, thrice honour'd! 'Twas your great renown
To bless a people, and oblige a crown.
And now you rise, eternally to shine,
Eternally to drink the rays divine.

Indulgent God! Oh how shall mortal raise
His soul to due returns of grateful praise,
For bounty so profuse to human kind,
Thy wond'rous gift of an eternal mind?
Shall I, who, some few years ago, was less
Than worm, or mite, or shadow can express,
Was Nothing; shall I live, when ev'ry fire
And ev'ry star shall languish and expire?

B 5

When

† Founders of New-College, Corpus Christi, and All Souls, in Oxford; of all which the Author was a member.

When earth's no more, shall I survive above,
 And through the radiant files of angels move?
 Or, as before the throne of God I stand,
 See new worlds rolling from His spacious hand,
 Where our adventures shall perhaps be taught,
 As we now tell how MICHAEL fung or fought?
 All that has being in full concert join,
 And celebrate the depths of *Love divine*!

But oh! before this blissful state, before
 Th' aspiring soul this wondrous height can soar,
 The Judge, descending, thunders from afar,
 And all mankind is summoned to the Bar.

This mighty scene I next presume to draw:
 Attend, great ANNA, with religious awe.
 Expect not here the known successful arts
 To win attention, and command our hearts:
 Fiction, be far away; let no machine
 Descending here, no fabled God, be seen;
 Behold the God of *Gods* indeed descend,
 And worlds unnumber'd his approach attend!

Lo, the wide theatre, whose ample space
 Must entertain the whole of human race,
 At heav'n's all-pow'rful edict is prepar'd,
 And fenc'd around with an immortal guard.
 Tribes, provinces, dominions, worlds, o'erflow
 The mighty plain, and deluge all below:
 And ev'ry age, and nation, pours along;
 NIMROD and BOURBON mingle in the throng:
 ADAM salutes his youngest son; no sign
 Of all those ages, which their births disjoin.

How empty learning, and how vain is art,
 But as it mends the life, and guides the heart!
 What volumes have been swell'd, what time been
 To fix a hero's birth-day, or descent?

[spent,
 What

What joy must it now yield, what rapture raise,
To see the glorious race of ancient days ?
To greet those worthies, who perhaps have stood
Illustrious on record before the flood ?

Alas ! a nearer care your soul demands.

CÆSAR un-noted in your presence stands.

How vast the concourse ! not in number more
The waves that break on the resounding shore,
The leaves that tremble in the shady grove,
The lamps that gild the spangled vaults above :
Those overwhelming armies, whose command
Said to one empire, *Fall* ; another *Stand* :
Whose rear lay wrapt in night, while breaking dawn
Rous'd the broad front, and call'd the battle on :
Great XERXES' world in arms, proud *Cannæ's* field,
Where *Carthage* taught victorious *Rome* to yield,
(Another blow had broke the fates decree,
And earth had wanted her fourth monarchy)
Immortal *Blenheim*, fam'd *Ramillia's* host,
They All are here, and here they All are lost :
Their millions swell to be discern'd in vain,
Lost as a billow in th' unbounded main.

This echoing voice now rends the yielding air,
For judgment, judgment, sons of men, prepare !
Earth shakes anew ; I hear her groans profound ;
And hell through all her trembling realms resound.

Whoe'er thou art, thou greatest pow'r of earth,
Blest with most equal planets at thy birth ;
Whose valour drew the most successful sword,
Most realms united in one common lord ;
Who, on the day of triumph, saidst, Be thine
The skies, *JEHOVAH*, all this world is mine :
Dare not to lift thine eye—Alas ! my muse,
How art thou lost ? what numbers canst thou chuse ?

A sudden blush inflames the waving sky,
 And now the crimson curtains open fly;
 Lo! far within, and far above all height, [light,
 Where heav'n's great Sov'reign reigns in worlds of
 Whence nature He informs, and with one ray
 Shot from his eye, does all her works survey,
 Creates, supports, confounds! Where *time* and *place*,
Matter, and *form*, and *fortune*, *life*, and *grace*,
 Wait humbly at the footstool of their God,
 And move obedient at his awful nod;
 Whence he beholds us vagrant emmets crawl
 At random on this air-suspended ball
 (Speck of creation): if he pour one breath,
 The bubble breaks, and 'tis eternal death.

Thence issuing I behold (but mortal sight
 Sustains not such a rushing sea of light!)
 I see, on an empyreal flying throne
 Sublimely rais'd, Heav'n's everlasting Son;
 Crown'd with that majesty, which form'd the world,
 And the grand rebel flaming downward hurl'd.
Virtue, dominion, praise, omnipotence,
 Support the train of their triumphant prince.
 A zone, beyond the thought of angels bright,
 Around him, like the zodiac, winds its light.
 Night shades the solemn arches of his brows,
 And in his cheek the purple morning glows.
 Wheree'er serene, he turns propitious eyes,
 Or we expect, or find, a paradise:
 But if resentment reddens their mild beams,
 The *Eden* kindles, and the world's in flames.
 On one hand, *knowledge* shines in purest light;
 On one, the sword of *justice*, fiercely bright.
 Now bend the knee in sport, present the reed;
 Now tell the scourg'd Impostor he shall bleed!

Thus

Thus glorious thro' the courts of heav'n, the source
Of life and death eternal bends his course;
Loud thunders round him roll, and lightnings play;
Th' angelic host is rang'd in bright array:
Some touch the string, some strike the sounding shell,
And mingling voices in rich concert swell;
Voices seraphic; blest with such a strain,
Could *Satan* hear, he were a god again.

Triumphant King of GLORY! Soul of Bliss!
What a stupendous turn of fate is this?
O! whither art thou rais'd above the scorn
And indigence of *him* in *Bethlem* born;
A needless, helpless, unaccounted, guest,
And but a second to the fodder'd beast?
How chang'd from *him*, who meekly prostrate laid,
Vouchsaf'd to wash the feet himself had made?
From *him* who was betray'd, forsook, deny'd,
Wept, languish'd, pray'd, bled, thirsted, groan'd, and
Hung pierc'd and bare, insulted by the foe, [dy'd;
All heav'n in tears above, earth unconcern'd below?

And was't enough to bid the Sun retire?
Why did not Nature at thy groan expire?
I see, I hear, I feel, the pangs divine;
The world is vanish'd,—I am wholly thine.

Mistaken CAIAPHAS! Ah! which blasphem'd;
Thou, or thy Pris'ner? which shall be condemn'd?
Well might'st thou rend thy garments, well exclaim,
Deep are the horrors of eternal flame!
But God is good! 'Tis wond'rous all! Ev'n He
Thou gav'st to death, shame, torture, dy'd for Thee.

Now the descending triumph stops its flight
From earth full twice a planetary height.
There all the clouds condens'd, two columns raise
Distinct with orient veins, and golden blaze.

One fix'd on earth, and one in sea, and round
 Its ample foot the swelling billows found.
 These an immeasurable arch support,
 The grand tribunal of this awful court.
 Sheets of bright azure, from the purest sky,
 Stream from the chrystal arch, and round the columns fly.
Death, wrapt in chains, low at the basis lies,
 And on the point of his own arrow dies.

Here high enthron'd th' eternal Judge is plac'd,
 With all the grandeur of his Godhead grac'd;
 Stars on his robes in beauteous order meet,
 And the sun burns beneath his awful feet.

Now an archangel eminently bright,
 From off his silver staff of wond'rous height,
 Unfurls the *Christian* flag, which waving flies,
 And shuts and opens more than half the skies:
 The Cross so strong a red, it sheds a stain,
 Where-e'er it floats, on earth, and air, and main;
 Flushes the hill, and sets on fire the wood,
 And turns the deep-dy'd ocean into blood.

Oh formidable GLORY! dreadful bright!
 Refulgent torture to the guilty fight.
 Ah turn, unwary muse, nor dare reveal
 What horrid thoughts with the polluted dwell.
 Say not, (to make the *Sun* shrink in his beam).
 Dare not affirm, they wish it all a dream;
 With, or their souls may with their limbs decay,
 Or God be spoil'd of his eternal sway.

But rather, if thou know'st the means, unfold
 How they with transport might the scene behold.

Ah how! but by Repentance, by a mind
 Quick, and severe its own offence to find?
 By tears, and groans, and never-ceasing care,
 And all the pious violence of Pray'r?

Thus

Thus then, with fervency till now unknown,
I cast my heart before th' eternal throne,
In this great temple, which the skies furround,
For homage to its Lord, a narrow bound.

"O Thou! whose balance does the mountains weigh,

"Whose will the wild tumultuous seas obey,

"Whose breath can turn those watry worlds to flame,

"That flame to tempest, and that tempest tame;

"Earth's meanest son, all trembling, prostrate falls,

"And on the boundless of thy goodness calls.

"Oh! give the winds all past offence to sweep,

"To scatter wide, or bury in the deep:

"Thy pow'r, my weakness, may I ever see,

"And wholly dedicate my soul to Thee:

"Reign o'er my will; my passions ebb and flow

"At thy command, nor human motive know!

"If anger boil, let anger be my praise,

"And sin the graceful indignation raise.

"My love be warm to succour the distress'd,

"And lift the burden from the soul oppress'd.

"Oh may my understanding ever read

"This glorious volume, which Thy wisdom made!

"Who decks the maiden Spring with flow'ry pride?

"Who calls forth Summer, like a sparkling bride?

"Who joys the mother Autumn's bed to crown?

"And bids old Winter lay her honours down?

"Not the Great OTTOMAN, or Greater CZAR,

"Not *Europe's* arbiters of peace and war.

"May sea and land, and earth and heav'n be join'd,

"To bring th' eternal Author to my mind?

"When oceans roar, or awful thunders roll,

"May thoughts of Thy dread vengeance shake my soul!

"When earth's in bloom, or planets proudly shine,

"Adore, my heart, the MAJESTY *Divine*!

"Thro'

" Thro' ev'ry scene of life, or peace, or war,
 " Plenty, or want, Thy glory be my care!
 " Shine we in arms? or sing beneath our vine?
 " Thine is the vintage, and the conquest Thine:
 " Thy pleasure points the shaft, and bends the bow;
 " The cluster blasts, or bids it brightly glow:
 " 'Tis thou that lead'st our pow'rful armies forth,
 " And giv'st Great ANNE Thy sceptre o'er the north.
 " Grant I may ever, at the *Morning-Ray*,
 " Open with Pray'r the consecrated day;
 " Tune Thy great praise, and bid my soul arise,
 " And with the mounting sun ascend the skies;
 " As that advances, let my zeal improve,
 " And glow with ardour of consummate love;
 " Nor cease at eve, but with the *Setting Sun*
 " My endless worship shall be still begun.
 " And, oh! permit the gloom of solemn night
 " To sacred thought may forcibly invite.
 " When this world's shut, and awful planets rise,
 " Call on our minds, and raise them to the skies;
 " Compose our souls with a less dazzling light,
 " And shew all nature in a milder light;
 " How every boisterous thought in calms subsides!
 " How the smooth'd spirit into goodness glides!
 " O how divine! to tread the milky way,
 " To the bright palace of the Lord of day;
 " His court admire, or for his favour sue,
 " Or leagues of friendship with His saints renew;
 " Pleas'd to look down, and see the *World* asleep,
 " While I long vigils to its *Founder* keep!
 " Can'st Thou not shake the centre? Oh controul,
 " Subdue by force, the rebel in my soul:
 " Thou, who canst still the raging of the flood,
 " Restrain the various tumults of my blood;

" Teach

“ Teach me, with equal firmness, to sustain
“ Alluring pleasure, and assaulting pain.
“ O may I pant for Thee in each desire !
“ And with strong faith foment the holy fire !
“ Stretch out my soul in hope, and grasp the prize,
“ Which in *Eternity's* deep bosom lies !
“ At the *Great Day* of recompence behold,
“ Devoid of fear, the *fatal Book* unfold !
“ Then waded upward to the blissful seat,
“ From age to age, my grateful song repeat ;
“ My Light, my Life, my God, my *Saviour* see,
“ And rival angels in the praise of THEE.”

Q1V12
Q1V13

THE



T H E
L A S T D A Y.

B O O K III.

*Esse quoque in fatis reminiscitur, affore tempus,
Quo mare, quo tellus, correptaque regia cali
Ardeat; & mundi moles operosa laboret.* OVID. MET.

THE book unfolding; the resplendent feat
Of faints and angels; the tremendous fate
Of guilty souls; the gloomy realms of woe;
And all the horrors of the world below;
I next presume to sing: What yet remains
Demands my last, but most exalted strains.
And let the *Muse* or now affect the sky,
Or in inglorious shades for ever lie.
She kindles, she's inflam'd so near the goal;
She mounts, she gains upon the starry pole;
The world grows less as she pursues her flight,
And the sun darkens to her distant sight.
Heav'n op'ning, all its sacred pomp displays,
And overwhelms her with the rushing blaze!
The triumph rings! archangels shout around!
And echoing nature lengthens out the sound!

Ten

Ten thousand trumpets *now* at once advance ;
Now deepest silence lulls the vast expanse :
So deep the silence, and so strong the blast,
As nature dy'd, when she had groan'd her last.
Nor man, nor angel, moves ; the Judge on high
Looks round, and with his glory fills the sky :
Then on the fatal book his hand he lays,
Which high to view supporting seraphs raise ;
In solemn form the rituals are prepar'd,
The seal is broken, and a groan is heard.
And thou, my soul, (oh fall to sudden pray'r,
And let the thought sink deep!) shalt thou be there?

See on the left (for by the great command
The throng divided falls on either hand ;)
How weak, how pale, how haggard, how obscene,
What more than death in ev'ry face and mien ?
With what distress, and glarings of affright,
They shock the heart, and turn away the fight ?
In gloomy orbs their trembling eye-balls roll,
And tell the horrid secrets of the soul.
Each gesture mourns, each look is black with care,
And ev'ry groan is loaden with despair.
Reader, if guilty, spare the muse, and find
A truer image pictur'd in thy mind.

Should'st thou behold thy brother, father, wife,
And all the soft companions of thy life,
Whose blended int'rests levell'd at one aim,
Whose mix'd desires sent up one common flame,
Divided far ; thy wretched Self alone
Cast on the left, of all whom thou hast known ;
How would it wound ? What millions would'st thou
give
For One more trial, One more day to live ?

Flung

Flung back in time an hour, a moment's space,
 To grasp with eagerness the means of Grace;
 Contend for mercy with a pious rage,
 And in that moment to redeem an age?
 Drive back the tide, suspend a storm in air,
 Arrest the *Sun*; but still of *this* despair.

Mark, on the right, how amiable a grace!
 Their Maker's image fresh in ev'ry face!
 What purple bloom my ravish'd soul admires,
 And their eyes sparkling with immortal fires!
 Triumphant beauty! charms that rise above
 This world, and in blest angels kindle love!
 To the Great Judge with holy pride they turn,
 And dare behold th' Almighty's anger burn;
 Its flash sustain, against its terror rise,
 And on the dread tribunal fix their eyes.
 Are these the forms that moulder'd in the dust?
 Oh the transcendent glory of the just!
 Yet still some thin remains of fear and doubt,
 Th' infected brightness of their joy pollute.

Thus the chaste bridegroom, when the priest draws
 Beholds his blessing with a trembling eye, [nigh,
 Feels doubtful passions throb in every vein,
 And in his cheeks are mingled joy and pain,
 Lest still some intervening chance should rise,
 Leap forth at once, and snatch the golden prize;
 In flame his woe, by bringing it so late,
 And stab him in the crisis of his fate.

Since ADAM's family, from first to last,
 Now into one distinct survey is cast:
 Look round, vain-glorious muse, and you whoe'er
 Devote yourselves to fame, and think her fair,
 Look round, and seek the lights of human race,
 Whose shining acts *time's* brightest annals grace;
 Who

Who founded sects ; crowns conquer'd, or resign'd ;
Gave names to nations ; or fam'd empires join'd ;
Who rais'd the vale, and laid the mountain low ;
And taught obedient rivers where to flow :
Who with vast fleets, as with a mighty chain,
Could bind the madness of the roaring main :
All lost ? all undistinguish'd ? no-where found ?
How will this truth in BOURBON'S palace found ?

That hour, on which th' Almighty King on high
From all eternity has fix'd his eye,
Whether his right-hand favour'd, or annoy'd,
Continu'd, alter'd, threaten'd, or destroy'd ;
Southern or eastern sceptre downward hurl'd,
Gave north or west dominion o'er the world ;
The point of time, for which the world was built,
For which the blood of God himself was spilt,
That dreadful moment is arriv'd.

Aloft, the seats of bliss their pomp display
Brighter than brightness, this distinguish'd day ;
Less glorious, when of old th' eternal Son
From realms of night return'd with trophies won :
Thro' heav'n's high gates, when he triumphant rode,
And shouting angels hail'd the Victor God.
Horrors, *beneath*, darkness in darkness, hell
Of hell, where torments behind torments dwell ;
A furnace formidable, deep, and wide,
O'er-boiling with a mad sulphureous tide,
Expands its jaws, most dreadful to survey,
And roars outrageous for the destin'd prey.
The sons of light, scarce unappall'd, look down,
And nearer press heav'n's everlasting throne.

Such is the scene ; and one short moment's space
Concludes the hopes and fears of human race.

Proceed

Proceed who dares !—I tremble as I write ;
 The whole creation swims before my sight :
 I see, I see, the Judge's frowning brow ;
 Say not, 'tis distant ; I behold it *now* ;
 I faint, my tardy blood forgets to flow,
 My soul recoils at the stupendous woe ;
 That woe, those pangs, which from the *guilty* breast,
 In these, or words like these, shall be express'd.

“ Who burst the barriers of my peaceful grave ?
 “ Ah! cruel death, that would no longer save,
 “ But grudg'd me e'en that narrow dark abode,
 “ And cast me out into the wrath of God ;
 “ Where shrieks, the roaring flame, the rattling chain,
 “ And all the dreadful eloquence of pain,
 “ Our only song ; black fire's malignant light,
 “ The sole refreshment of the blasted sight.
 “ Must all those pow'rs, heav'n gave me to supply
 “ My soul with pleasure, and bring in my joy,
 “ Rise up in arms against me, join the foe,
 “ *Sense, reason, memory*, increase my woe ?
 “ And shall my voice, ordain'd on hymns to dwell,
 “ Corrupt to groans, and blow the fires of hell ?
 “ Oh! must I look with terror on my gain,
 “ And with *existence* only measure *pain* ?
 “ What! no reprieve, no least indulgence giv'n,
 “ No beam of hope, from any point of heav'n ?
 “ Ah Mercy ! Mercy! art thou dead above ?
 “ Is Love extinguish'd in the Source of Love ?
 “ Bold that I am, did heav'n stoop down to hell ?
 “ Th' expiring Lord of life my ransom seal?
 “ Have I not been industrious to provoke ?
 “ From his embraces obstinately broke ?
 “ Pursu'd, and panted for his mortal hate,
 “ Earn'd my destruction, labour'd out my fate?
 “ And

- “ And dare I on extinguish’d Love exclaim ?
“ Take, take full vengeance, rouse the slack’ning
 “ flame ;
“ Just is my lot—but oh ! must it transcend
“ The reach of time, despair a distant end ?
“ With dreadful growth shoot forward, and arise,
“ Where thought can’t follow, and bold fancy dies !
 “ *NEVER* ! where falls the soul at that dread
 “ found ?
“ Down an abyss how dark, and how profound ?
“ Down, down, (I still am falling, horrid pain !)
“ Ten thousand thousand fathoms still remain ;
“ My plunge but still begun—And this for sin ?
“ Could I offend, if I had never been,
“ But still increas’d the senseless happy mass,
“ Flow’d in the stream, or shiver’d in the grass ?
 “ Father of mercies ! why from silent earth
“ Didst thou awake, and curse me into birth !
“ Tear me from quiet, ravish me from night,
“ And make a thankless present of thy light ?
“ Push into being a reverse of thee,
“ And animate a clod with misery ?
 “ The beasts are happy ; they come forth, and keep
“ Short watch on earth, and then lie down to sleep.
“ Pain is for man ; and oh ! how vast a pain
“ For crimes, which made the Godhead bleed in vain ?
“ Annul’d his groans, as far as in them lay,
“ And flung his agonies, and death, away ?
“ As our dire punishment for ever strong,
“ Our constitution too for ever young.
“ Curs’d with returns of vigour, still the same
“ Pow’rful to bear, and satisfy the flame :
“ Still to be caught, and still to be pursu’d !
“ To perish still, and still to be renew’d !

“ And

- " And this, *My Help! My God!* at thy decree?
 " Nature is chang'd, and *hell* should *succour* me.
 " And canst Thou then look down from perfect bliss,
 " And see me plunging in the dark abyfs?
 " Calling Thee Father, in a sea of fire?
 " Or pouring blasphemies at Thy desire?
 " With mortals anguish wilt Thou raise *Thy* name,
 " And by my pangs omnipotence proclaim?
 " Thou, who canst tofs the planets to and fro,
 " Contract not Thy great vengeance to my woe;
 " Crush worlds; in hotter flames fall'n angels lay;
 " On me Almighty wrath is cast away.
 " Call back Thy thunders, Lord, hold in Thy rage,
 " Nor with a speck of wretchedness engage:
 " Forget me quite, nor stoop a worm to blame;
 " But lose me in the greatness of Thy name.
 " Thou art all Love, all Mercy, all Divine,
 " And shall I make those glories cease to shine?
 " Shall sinful man grow great by his offence,
 " And from its course turn back Omnipotence?
 " Forbid it! and oh! grant, Great *God*, at least
 " This one, this slender, almost *no* request;
 " When I have wept a thousand lives away,
 " When torment is grown weary of its prey,
 " When I have rav'd ten thousand years in fire,
 " Ten thousand thousand, let me then expire."

Deep anguish! but too late; the hopeless soul
 Bound to the bottom of the burning pool,
 Though loth, and ever loud blaspheming, owns
 He's justly doom'd to pour eternal groans;
 Enclos'd with horrors, and trasfix'd with pain,
 Rolling in vengeance, struggling with his chain:
 To talk to fiery tempests; to implore
 The raging flame to give its burnings o'er;

To

To tofs, to writhe, to pant beneath his load,
And bear the weight of an offended God.

The favour'd of their Judge, in triumph move
To take poffeffion of their thrones above ;
Satan's accurs'd defertion to fupply,
And fill the vacant ftations of the fky ;
Again to kindle long extinguish'd rays,
And with new lights dilate the heav'nly blaze ;
To crop the rofes of immortal youth,
And drink the fountain-head of facred truth ;
To swim in feas of blifs, to ftrike the ftring,
And lift the voice to their Almighty KING ;
To lofe eternity in grateful lays,
And fill heav'n's wide circumference with praife.

But I attempt the wond'rous height in vain,
And leave unfinish'd the too lofty ftrain :
What boldly I begin, let others end ;
My ftrength exhausted, fainting I defcend,
And chufe a lefs, but no ignoble theme,
Diffolving elements, and worlds, in flame.

The fatal period, the great hour, is come,
And nature fhinks at her approaching doom ;
Loud peals of thunder give the fign, and all
Heav'n's terrors in array furround the ball ;
Sharp lightnings with the meteors blaze confpire,
And, darted downward, fet the world on fire ;
Black rifing clouds the thicken'd æther choke,
And fpiry flames dart through the rolling fmoke,
With keen vibrations cut the fullen night,
And ftrike the darken'd fky with dreadful light ;
From heav'n's four regions, with immortal force,
Angels drive on the wind's impetuous courfe,
T' enrage the flame : It fpreads, it foars on high,
Swells in the ftorm, and bellows through the fky :.

Here winding pyramids of fire ascend,
 Cities and desarts in one ruin blend;
 Here blazing volumes wafted, overwhelm
 The spacious face of a far distant realm;
 There, undermin'd, down rush eternal hills,
 The neighb'ring vales the vast destruction fills.

Hear'st thou that dreadful crack? that sound
 which broke

Like peals of thunder, and the centre shook?
 What wonders must that groan of nature tell?
Olympus there, and mightier *Atlas*, fell;
 Which seem'd above the reach of fate to stand,
 A tow'ring monument of God's right hand;
 Now dust and smoke, whose brow, so lately, spread
 O'er shelter'd countries its diffusive shade.

Shew me that celebrated spot, where all
 The various rulers of the sever'd ball
 Have humbly fought wealth, honour, and redress,
 That land which heav'n seem'd diligent to bless,
 Once call'd *Britannia*: Can her glories end?
 And can't furrounding seas her realms defend?
 Alas! in flames behold furrounding seas!
 Like oil, their waters but augment the blaze.

Some angel say, Where ran proud *Asia's* bound?
 Or where with fruits was fair *Europa* crown'd?
 Where stretch'd waste *Lybia*? Where did *India's* store
 Sparkle in diamonds, and her golden ore?
 Each lost in each, their mingling kingdoms glow,
 And all dissolv'd, one fiery deluge flow:
 Thus earth's contending monarchies are join'd,
 And a full period of ambition find.

And now whate'er or swims, or walks, or flies,
 Inhabitants of sea, or earth, or skies;

All

All on whom ADAM's wisdom fix'd a name,
All plunge, and perish in the conqu'ring flame.

This globe alone would but defraud the fire;
Starve its devouring rage; the flakes aspire,
And catch the clouds, and make the heav'ns their
prey;

The sun, the moon, the stars, all melt away;
All, all is lost; no monument, no sign,
Where once so proudly blaz'd the gay machine.

So bubbles on the foaming stream expire,
So sparks that scatter from the kindling fire;

The devastations of One dreadful hour
The Great Creator's Six days work devour.

A mighty, mighty ruin! yet One *soul*
Has more to boast, and far outweighs the whole;
Exalted in superior excellence,

Cast down to nothing, such a vast expence.

Have you not seen th' eternal mountains nod,
An earth dissolving, a descending God?

What strange surprizes through all nature ran?

For whom these revolutions, but for Man?

For him, Omnipotence new measures takes,

For him, through all eternity, awakes;

Pours on him gifts sufficient to supply

Heav'n's loss, and with fresh glories fill the sky.

Think deeply then, O Man, how *great* thou art;

Pay thyself homage with a trembling heart;

What angels guard, no longer dare neglect,

Slighting thyself, affront not God's respect.

Enter the sacred temple of thy breast,

And gaze, and wander there, a ravish'd guest;

Gaze on those hidden treasures thou shalt find,

Wander through all the glories of thy mind.

Of perfect knowledge, see, the dawning light
Foretels a noon most exquisitely bright !
Here, springs of endless joy are breaking forth !
There, buds the promise of celestial worth !
Worth, which must ripen in a happier clime,
And brighter *Sun*, beyond the bounds of time.
Thou, *Minor*, canst not guess thy vast estate,
What stores, on foreign coasts thy landing wait ;
Lose not thy claim, let virtue's path be trod ;
Thus glad all heav'n, and please that bounteous
God,
Who, to light thee to pleasures, hung on high
Yon radiant orb, proud regent of the sky :
That service done, its beams shall fade away,
And God shine forth in one *Eternal Day*.



THE

THE
FORCE of RELIGION;
OR,
VANQUISHED LOVE:

A
P O E M.

IN TWO BOOKS.

Gratior & pulchro veniens in corpore virtus. VIRG.

THE NEW YORK

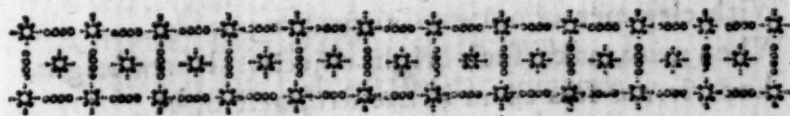
FOR THE RELIGION

VAN DER BEEK

P. O. BOX

NEW YORK

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THE
FORCE of RELIGION;
OR,
VANQUISHED LOVE.

BOOK I.

— *Ad cælum ardentia lumina tollens,
Lumina ; nam teneras arcebant vincula palmas.*

VIRG.

FROM lofty themes, from thoughts that soar'd
on high,
And open'd wond'rous scenes above the sky,
My muse descend: Indulge my fond desire;
With softer thoughts my melting soul inspire,
And smooth my numbers to a female's praise:
A partial world will listen to my lays,
While ANNA reigns, and sets a female name
Unrival'd in the glorious lists of fame.

Hear, ye fair daughters of this happy land,
Whose radiant eyes the vanquish'd world command,

56 The FORCE of RELIGION ; Or,

Virtue is Beauty : But when charms of mind
With elegance of outward form are join'd ;
When *youth* makes such bright objects still more bright,
And *fortune* sets them in the strongest light ;
'Tis all of heav'n that we below may view,
And all, but Adoration, is your due.

Fam'd female virtue did this isle adorn,
Ere *Ormond*, or her glorious QUEEN, was born :
When now *Maria*'s pow'rful arms prevail'd,
And haughty DUDLEY's bold ambition fail'd,
The beauteous daughter of great SUFFOLK's race,
In blooming youth adorn'd with every grace ;
Who gain'd a crown by treason not her own,
And innocently fill'd another's throne ;
Hurl'd from the summit of imperial state,
With equal mind sustain'd the stroke of fate.

But how will GUILFORD, her far dearer part,
With manly reason fortify his heart ?
At once she longs, and is afraid, to *know* :
Now swift she moves, and now advances slow,
To find her lord ; and, finding, passes by,
Silent with fear, nor dares she meet his eye ;
Lest that, unask'd, in speechless grief, disclose
The mournful secret of his inward woes.
Thus, after sickness, doubtful of her face,
The melancholy virgin shuns the glass.

At length, with troubled thought, but look serene,
And sorrow soften'd by her heav'nly mien,
She clasps her lord, brave, beautiful, and young,
While tender accents melt upon her tongue ;
Gentle, and sweet, as vernal Zephyr blows,
Fanning the lily, or the blooming rose.

“ Grieve not, my lord ; a crown indeed is lost ;
“ What far outshines a crown, we still may boast ;

“ A

" A mind compos'd ; a mind that can disdain
 " A fruitless sorrow for a loss so vain.
 " Nothing is loss that virtue can improve
 " To wealth eternal ; and return above ;
 " Above, where no distinction shall be known
 " 'Twixt him whom storms have shaken from a throne,
 " And him, who, basking in the smiles of fate,
 " Shone forth in all the splendor of the great :
 " Nor can I find the diff'rence here below ;
 " I lately was a Queen ; I still am so,
 " While GUILFORD'S Wife : Thee rather I obey,
 " Than o'er mankind extend imperial sway.
 " When we lie down in some obscure retreat,
 " Incens'd MARIA may her rage forget ;
 " And I to death my duty will improve,
 " And what you miss in empire, add in love—
 " Your godlike soul is open'd in your look,
 " And I have faintly your great meaning spoke—
 " For this alone I'm pleas'd I wore the crown,
 " To find with what content we lay it down.
 " Heroes may win, but 'tis a heav'nly race
 " Can *quit* a throne with a becoming grace."

Thus spoke the fairest of her sex, and cheer'd
 Her drooping lord ; whose boding bosom fear'd
 A darker cloud of ills would burst, and shed
 Severer vengeance on her guiltless head :
 Too just, alas, the terrors which he felt !
 For, lo ! a guard !—Forgive him, if he melt—
 How sharp her pangs, when sever'd from his side,
 The most sincerely lov'd, and loving bride,
 In space confin'd, the muse forbears to tell ;
 Deep was her anguish, but she bore it well.
 His pain was equal, but his virtue less ;
 He thought in grief there could be no excess.

58 The FORCE of RELIGION; Or,

Pensive he sat, o'ercast with gloomy care,
And often fondly clasp'd his absent fair;
Now, silent, wander'd through his rooms of state,
And sicken'd at the pomp, and tax'd his fate;
Which thus adorn'd, in all her shining store,
A splendid wretch, magnificently poor.
Now on the bridal-bed his eyes were cast,
And anguish fed on his enjoyments past;
Each recollected pleasure made him smart,
And ev'ry transport stabb'd him to the heart.

That happy moon, which summon'd to delight,
That moon which shone on his dear nuptial night,
Which saw him fold her yet untasted charms
(Deny'd to princes) in his longing arms;
Now sees the transient blessing fleet away,
Empire and Love! the vision of a day.

Thus, in the *British* clime, a summer-storm
Will oft the smiling face of heav'n deform;
The winds with violence at once descend,
Sweep flow'rs and fruits, and make the forest bend;
A sudden winter, while the sun is near,
O'ercomes the season, and inverts the year.

But whither is the captive borne away,
The beauteous captive, from the chearful day?
The scene is chang'd indeed; before her eyes
Ill-boding looks and unknown horrors rise:
For pomp and splendor, for her guard and crown,
A gloomy dungeon, and a keeper's frown:
Black thoughts, each morn invade the *Lover's* breast,
Each Night, a ruffian locks the *Queen* to rest.

Ah mournful change, if judg'd by vulgar minds!
But *SUFFOLK's* daughter its advantage finds.
Religion's force divine is best display'd
In deep desertion of all human aid:

To

To succour in extremes, is her delight,
 And cheer the heart, when terror strikes the sight.
 We, disbelieving our own senses, gaze,
 And wonder what a mortal's heart can raise
 To triumph o'er misfortunes, smile in grief,
 And comfort those who come to bring relief:
 We gaze; and as we gaze, wealth, fame, decay,
 And all the world's vain glories fade away.

Against her cares she rais'd a dauntless mind;
 And with an ardent heart, but most resign'd,
 Deep in the dreadful gloom, with pious heat,
 Amid the silence of her dark retreat,
 Address'd her God—"Almighty Pow'r Divine!
 "'Tis thine to raise, and to depress, is Thine;
 "With honour to light up the name unknown,
 "Or to put out the lustre of a throne.
 "In my short span both fortunes I have prov'd,
 "And though with ill, frail nature will be mov'd;
 "I'll bear it well: (O strengthen me to bear!)
 "And if my piety may claim thy care;
 "If I remember'd, in youth's giddy heat,
 "And tumult of a court, a Future State;
 "O favour, when thy mercy I implore
 "For *one* who never guilty sceptre bore!
 "'Twas I receiv'd the crown; my lord is free;
 "If it must fall, let vengeance fall on me.
 "Let him survive, his country's name to raise,
 "And in a guilty land to speak Thy praise!
 "O may th' indulgence of a *father's* love,
 "Pour'd forth on me, be doubled from above!
 "If *these* are safe, I'll think my pray'rs succeed,
 "And bless thy tender mercies, whilst I bleed."

'Twas now the mournful eve before that day
 In which the queen to her full wrath gave way;

60 The FORCE of RELIGION; Or,

Through rigid justice, rush'd into offence,
And drank in zeal the blood of innocence :
The sun went down in clouds, and seem'd to mourn
The sad necessity of his return ;
The hollow wind, and melancholy rain,
Or did, or was imagin'd to, complain :
The tapers cast an inauspicious light ;
Stars there were none, and doubly dark the night.

Sweet innocence in chains can take her rest ;
Soft slumber gently creeping through her breast,
She sinks ; and in her sleep is re-inthron'd,
Mock'd by a gaudy dream, and vainly crown'd.
She views her fleets and armies, seas and land,
And stretches wide her shadow of command :
With royal purple is her vision hung ;
By phantom hosts are shouts of conquest rung ;
Low at her feet the suppliant rival lies ;
Our prisoner mourns her fate, and bids her rise.

Now level beams upon the waters play'd,
Glanc'd on the hills, and westward cast the shade ;
The busy trades in city had began
To sound, and speak the painful life of man.
In tyrants breasts the thoughts of vengeance rouse,
And the fond bridegroom turns him to his spouse.
At this first birth of light, while morning breaks,
Our spouseless bride, our widow'd wife, awakes ;
Awakes, and smiles ; nor night's imposture blames ;
Her *real* pomps were little more than dreams ;
A short-liv'd blaze, a light'ning quickly o'er,
That dy'd in birth, that shone, and were no more :
She turns her side, and soon resumes a state
Of mind, well suited to her alter'd fate,
Serene, though serious ; when dread tidings come
(Ah wretched GUILFORD !) of her instant doom.

Sun,

Sun, hide thy beams ; in clouds as black as night
 Thy face involve ; be guiltless of the sight ;
 Or haste more swiftly to the western main ;
 Nor let her blood the conscious day-light stain !

Oh ! how severe ! to fall so new a bride,
 Yet blushing from the priest, in youthful pride ;
 When time had just matur'd each perfect grace,
 And open'd all the wonders of her face !
 To leave her GUILFORD dead to all relief,
 Fond of his woe, and obstinate in grief.
 Unhappy fair ! whatever fancy drew,
 (Vain promis'd blessings) vanish from her view ;
 No train of chearful days, endearing nights,
 No sweet domestic joys, and chaste delights ;
 Pleasures that blossom e'en from doubts and fears ;
 And bliss and rapture rising out of *cares* :
 No little GUILFORD, with paternal grace,
 Lull'd on her knee, or smiling in her face ;
 Who, when her *dearest father* shall return,
 From pouring tears on her untimely urn,
 Might comfort to his silver hairs impart,
 And fill her place in his indulgent heart :
 As where fruits fall, quick-rising blossoms smile,
 And the bless'd *Indian* of his care beguile.

In vain these various reasons jointly press,
 To blacken death, and heighten her distress ;
 She, through th' encircling terrors, darts her sight
 To the bless'd regions of eternal light,
 And fills her soul with peace : To weeping friends
 Her *father*, and her *lord*, she recommends ;
 Unmov'd herself : Her foes her air survey,
 And rage to see their malice thrown away.
 She soars ; now nought on earth detains her care—
 But GUILFORD ; who still struggles for his share.

Still

62 The FORCE of RELIGION; Or,

Still will his form importunately rise,
Clog and retard her transport to the skies ;
As trembling flames now take a feeble flight,
Now catch the brand with a returning light,
Thus her soul onward from the seats above,
Falls fondly back, and kindles into love :
At length she conquers in the doubtful field ;
That Heav'n she seeks will be her GUILFORD'S
shield.

Now death is welcome ; his approach is slow ;
'Tis tedious longer to expect the blow.

Oh ! mortals, short of sight, who think the past
O'erblown misfortune still shall prove the last :
Alas ! misfortunes travel in a train,
And oft in life form one perpetual chain ;
Fear buries fear, and ills on ills attend,
Till life and sorrow meet one common end.

She thinks that she has nought but death to fear,
And death is conquer'd. Worse than death is near :
Her rigid trials are not yet complete ;
The news arrives of her great father's fate.
She sees his hoary head, all white with age,
A victim to th' offended monarch's rage.
How great the mercy, had she breath'd her last,
Ere the dire sentence on her father past !

A fonder parent nature never knew ;
And as his age increas'd, his fondness grew.
A parent's love ne'er better was bestow'd ;
The pious daughter in her heart o'erflow'd.
And can she from all weakness still refrain ?
And still the firmness of her soul maintain ?
Impossible ! a sigh will force its way ;
One patient tear her mortal birth betray ;

She

She sighs and weeps ! but so she weeps and sighs,
As silent dews descend, and vapours rise.

Celestial *Patience* ! how dost thou defeat
The foe's proud menace, and elude his hate ?
While *Passion* takes his part, betrays our peace ;
To death and torture swells each slight disgrace ;
By not opposing, thou dost ills destroy,
And wear thy conquer'd sorrows into joy.

Now *she* revolves within her anxious mind,
What woe still lingers in reserve behind.
Griefs rise on griefs, and she can see no bound,
While nature lasts, and can receive a wound.
The sword is drawn ; The queen to rage inclin'd,
By mercy, nor by piety, confin'd.
What mercy can the *Zealot's* heart assuage,
Whose piety itself converts to rage ?
She thought, and sigh'd. And now the blood began
To leave her beauteous cheek all cold and wan.
New sorrow dimm'd the lustre of her eye,
And on her cheek the fading roses die.
Alas ! should GUILFORD too—When now she's
brought

To that dire view, that *precipice* of thought,
While there she trembling stands, nor dares look
down,

Nor can recede, till heav'n's decrees are known ;
Cure of all ills, till now her lord appears—
But not to cheer her heart, and dry her tears !
Not now, as usual, like the rising day,
To chase the shadows, and the damps away :
But like a gloomy storm, at once to sweep
And plunge her to the bottom of the deep.
Black were his robes, dejected was his air,
His voice was frozen by his cold despair ;

Slow,

Slow, like a ghost, he mov'd with solemn pale ;
 A dying paleness sat upon his face.
 Back she recoil'd, she smote her lovely breast,
 Her eyes the anguish of her heart confess'd ;
 Struck to the soul, she stagger'd with the wound,
 And sunk, a breathless image, to the ground.

Thus the fair lily, when the sky's o'ercast,
 At first but shudders in the feeble blatt ;
 But when the winds and weighty rains descend,
 The fair and upright stem is forc'd to bend ;
 Till broke at length, its snowy leaves are shed,
 And strew with dying sweets their native bed.



THE



THE
FORCE of RELIGION;
OR,
VANQUISHED LOVE.

BOOK II.

Hic pietatis honos? sic nos in sceptris reponis? VIRG.

HER GUILFORD clasps her, beautiful in death,
And with a kiss recalls her fleeting breath.
To tapers thus, which by a blast expire,
A lighted taper, touch'd, restores the fire:
She rear'd her swimming eye, and saw the light,
And GUILFORD too, or she had loath'd the sight:
Her *father's* death she bore, despis'd her *own*,
But now she must, she will, have leave to groan:
Ah! GUILFORD, she began, and would have spoke;
But sobs rush'd in, and ev'ry accent broke:
Reason itself, as gusts of passion blew,
Was ruffled in the tempest, and withdrew.

So

66 The FORCE of RELIGION; Or,

So the youth lost his *image* in the well,
When tears upon the yielding surface fell :
The scatter'd features slid into decay,
And spreading circles drove his face away.

To touch the soft affections, and controul
The manly temper of the bravest soul,
What with afflicted beauty can compare,
And drops of love distilling from the fair ?
It melts us down ; our pains delight bestow ;
And we with fondness languish o'er our woe.

This GUILFORD prov'd : and, with excess of pain,
And pleasure too, did to his bosom strain
The weeping fair : Sunk deep in soft desire,
Indulg'd his love, and nurs'd the raging fire :
Then tore himself away ; and, standing wide,
As fearing a relapse of fondness, cry'd,
With ill-dissembled grief ; “ My life, forbear !
“ You wound your GUILFORD with each cruel tear :
“ Did you not chide my grief ? Repress your own ;
“ Nor want compassion for *yourself* alone :
“ Have you beheld, how, from the distant main,
“ The thronging waves roll on, a num'rous train,
“ And foam, and bellow, till they reach the shore ;
“ There burst their noisy pride, and are no more ?
“ Thus the successive flows of human race,
“ Chas'd by the coming, the preceding, chase ;
“ They found, and swell, their haughty heads they
“ rear ;
“ Then fall, and flatten, break, and disappear.
“ Life is a forfeit we must shortly pay :
“ And where's the mighty lucre of a day ?
“ Why should you mourn *my* fate ? 'Tis most unkind ;
“ Your *own* you bore with an unshaken mind :
“ And

" And which, can you imagine, was the dart
 " That drank most blood, sunk deepest in my heart?
 " I cannot live without you ; and my doom
 " I meet with joy, to share one common tomb.—
 " And are again your tears profusely spilt !
 " Oh ! then, my kindness blackens to my guilt ;
 " It soils itself, if it recall your pain ;—
 " Life of my life, I beg you to refrain !
 " The load which fate imposes, you increase ;
 " And help MARIA to destroy my peace."

But, oh ! against himself his labour turn'd ;
 The more He comforted, the more She mourn'd :
 Compassion swells our grief ; words soft and kind
 But sooth our weakness, and dissolve the mind :
 Her sorrow flow'd in streams ; nor Her's alone,
 While That he blam'd, he yielded to his own.
 Where are the smiles she wore, when she, so late,
 Hail'd him great partner of the regal state ;
 When orient gems around her temples blaz'd,
 And bending nations on the glory gaz'd ?

'Tis now the *Queen's* command, they both retreat,
 To weep with dignity, and mourn in state :
 She forms the *decent* misery with joy,
 And loads with pomp the wretch she would destroy.
 A spacious hall is hung with black ; all light
 Shut out, and noon-day darken'd into night.
 From the mid-roof a lamp depends on high,
 Like a dim crescent in a clouded sky :
 It sheds a quiv'ring melancholy gloom,
 Which only shews the darkness of the room.
 A shining ax is on the table laid ;
 A dreadful sight ! and glitters through the shade.

In this sad scene the lovers are confin'd ;
 A scene of terrors, to a guilty mind !

68 'The FORCE of RELIGION; Or,

A scene, that would have damp'd with rising cares,
 And quite extinguish'd, every love but theirs.
 What can they do? They fix their mournful eyes —
 Then GUILFORD, thus abruptly; "I despise
 " An empire lost; I fling away the crown;
 " Numbers have laid that bright delusion down;
 " But where's the CHARLES, or DIOCLESIAN where,
 " Could quit the blooming, wedded, weeping fair?
 " Oh! to dwell ever on thy lip! to stand
 " In full possession of thy snowy hand!
 " And, through th' unclouded chrystal of thine eye,
 " The heav'nly treasures of the mind to spy!
 " Till rapture, reason happily destroys,
 " And my soul wanders through immortal joys.
 " Give me the world, and ask me, Where's my bliss?
 " I clasp thee to my breast, and answer, *This*.
 " And shall the grave"—He groans, and can no
 more;

But all her charms in silence traces o'er;
 Her lip, her cheek, and eye, to wonder wrought;
 And, wond'ring, sees, in sad *presaging* thought,
 From that fair neck, that world of beauty fall,
 And roll along the dust, a ghastly ball!

Oh! let those *tremble*, who are greatly blest'd!
 For who, but GUILFORD, could be thus distress'd?
 Come hither, all you Happy, all you Great,
 From flow'ry meadows, and from rooms of state;
 Nor think I call, your pleasures to destroy,
 But to refine, and to exalt your joy:
 Weep not; but, smiling, fix your ardent care
 On nobler titles than the *Brave* or *Fair*.

Was ever such a mournful, moving, fight?
 See, if you can, by that dull, trembling, light:

Now

Now they embrace ; and, mix'd with bitter woe,
 Like *Iſis* and her *Thames*, one ſtream they flow :
 Now they ſtart wide ; fix'd in benumbing care,
 They ſtiffen into ſtatues of deſpair :
 Now, tenderly ſevere, and fiercely kind,
 They ruſh at once ; they fling their cares behind,
 And claſp, as if to death ; new vows repeat ;
 And, quite wrapp'd up in love, forget their fate.
 A ſhort deluſion ! for the raging pain
 Returns ; and their poor hearts muſt bleed again.

Meantime, the QUEEN new cruelty decreed ;
 But, ill content that they ſhould *only* bleed,
 A prieſt is ſent ; who, with inſidious art,
 Inſtills his poiſon into SUFFOLK's heart ;
 And GUILFORD drank it : Hanging on the breaſt,
 He from his childhood was with *Rome* poſſeſt.
 When now the miniſters of death draw nigh,
 And in her deareſt lord ſhe firſt muſt die,
 The ſubtle prieſt, who long had watch'd to find
 The moſt unguarded paſſes of her mind,
 Beſpoke her thus : “ Grieve not ; 'tis in your pow'r
 “ Your lord to reſcue from this fatal hour.”
 Her boſom pants ; ſhe draws her breath with pain ;
 A ſudden horror thrills through ev'ry vein ;
 Life ſeems ſuſpended, on his words intent ;
 And her ſoul trembles for the great event.

The prieſt proceeds : “ Embrace the faith of *Rome*,
 “ And ward your own, your lord's, and father's
 “ doom.”

Ye bleſſed ſpirits ! now your charge ſuſtain ;
 The paſt was eaſe ; now *firſt* ſhe ſuffers pain.
 Muſt ſhe pronounce her father's death ? muſt ſhe
 Bid GUILFORD bleed ?—It muſt not, cannot be.

It

70 The Force of Religion; Or,

It *cannot* be ! But 'tis the Christian's praise,
 Above impossibilities to raise
 The weakness of our nature ; and deride
 Of vain philosophy the boasted pride.
 What though our feeble sinews scarce impart
 A moment's swiftness to the feather'd dart ;
 Though tainted air our vig'rous youth can break,
 And a chill blast the hardy warrior shake,
 Yet are we strong : Hear the loud tempest roar
 From east to west, and call us weak no more ;
 The light'ning's unresisted force proclaims
 Our might ; and thunders raise our humble names ;
 'Tis *our* JEHOVAH fills the heav'ns ; as long
 As He shall reign Almighty, We are strong :
 We, by devotion, borrow from his throne ;
 And almost make Omnipotence our own :
 We force the gates of heav'n, by fervent pray'r ;
 And call forth triumph out of *man's* despair.

Our lovely mourner, kneeling, lifts her eyes
 And bleeding heart, in silence, to the skies,
 Devoutly sad—Then, bright'ning, like the day,
 When sudden winds sweep scatter'd clouds away,
 Shining in majesty, till now unknown,
 And breathing life and spirit scarce her own ;
 She, rising, speaks : “ If these the terms ——”

Here, GUILFORD, cruel GUILFORD, (barb'rous
 man!

Is this thy love ?) as swift as lightning ran ;
 O'erwhelm'd her with tempestuous sorrow fraught,
 And stifled, in its birth, the mighty thought ;
 Then bursting fresh into a flood of tears,
 Fierce, resolute, delirious with his fears ;
 His fears for her *alone* : He beat his breast,
 And thus the fervour of his soul exprest :

“ Oh !

" Oh ! let thy thought o'er our past converse rove,
 " And shew one moment uninflam'd with love !
 " Oh ! if thy kindness can no longer last,
 " In pity to thyself, forget the past !
 " Else wilt thou never, void of shame and fear,
 " Pronounce *his* doom, whom thou hast held so dear :
 " Thou who hast took me to thy arms, and swore
 " Empires were vile, and Fate could give no more;
 " That to *continue*, was its utmost pow'r,
 " And make the future like the present hour.
 " Now call a ruffian ; bid his cruel sword
 " Lay wide the bosom of thy worthless lord ;
 " Transfix his heart (since you its love disclaim),
 " And stain his honour with a *Traitor's* name.
 " *This* might perhaps be borne without remorse ;
 " But sure a *father's* pangs will have their force !
 " Shall his good age, so near its journey's end,
 " Through cruel torment to the grave descend ?
 " His shallow blood all issue at a wound,
 " Wash a slave's feet, and smoke upon the ground ?
 " But he to you has ever been severe ;
 " 'Then take your vengeance'—SUFFOLK now drew
 near ;

Bending beneath the burden of his care ;
 His robes neglected, and his head was bare ;
 Decrepid winter, in the yearly ring,
 Thus slowly creeps, to meet the blooming spring :
 Downward he cast a melancholy look ;
 'Thrice turn'd, to hide his grief ; then faintly spoke,
 " Now deep in years, and forward in decay,
 " That ax can only rob *me* of a day ;
 " For *thee*, my soul's desire ! I can't refrain ;
 " And shall my tears, my *last* tears, flow in vain ?
 " When

72 The FORCE of RELIGION; Or,

“ When you shall know a mother’s tender name,
“ My heart’s distress no longer will you blame.”
At this, afar his bursting groans were heard ;
The tears ran trickling down his silver beard :
He snatch’d her hand, which to his lips he prest,
And bid her plant a dagger in his breast ;
Then, sinking, call’d her piety unjust,
And foil’d his hoary temples in the dust.

Hard-hearted men ! will you no mercy know ?
Has the *Queen* brib’d you to distress her foe ;
O weak deserters to misfortune’s part,
By false affection thus to pierce her heart !
When she had soar’d, to let your arrows fly,
And fetch her bleeding from the middle sky ?
And can her virtue, springing from the ground,
Her flight recover, and disdain the wound,
When cleaving love, and human interest, bind
The broken force of her aspiring mind ;
As round the gen’rous eagle, which in vain
Exerts her strength, the serpent wreathes his train,
Her struggling wings entangles, curling plies
His pois’nous tail, and stings her as she flies !

While yet the blow’s first dreadful weight she feels,
And with its force her resolution reels ;
Large doors, unfolding with a mournful sound,
To view discover, welt’ring on the ground,
Three headless trunks, of those whose arms maintain’d,

And in her wars immortal glory gain’d :
The lifted axe assur’d her ready doom,
And silent mourners fadden’d all the room.
Shall I proceed ; or here break off my tale ;
Nor truths to stagger human faith, reveal.

She

She met this utmost malice of her fate
 With Christian dignity, and pious state :
 The beating storm's propitious rage she blest,
 And all the *martyr* triumph'd in her breast :
 Her *lord* and *father*, for a moment's space,
 She strictly folded in her soft embrace !

Then thus she spoke, while angels heard on high,
 And sudden gladness smil'd along the sky :

“ Your over-tenderness has not mov'd my hate ;

“ I am well pleas'd you make my death so *great* ;

“ I joy I cannot save you ; and have giv'n

“ Two lives, much *dearer* than my own, to heav'n,

“ If so the queen decrees † :—But I have cause

“ To hope my blood will satisfy the laws ;

“ And there is mercy still, for you, in store :

“ With me the bitterness of death is o'er.

“ He shot his sting in *that* farewell-embrace ;

“ And all, that is to come, is joy and peace.

“ Then let mistaken sorrow be suppress'd,

“ Nor seem to envy my approaching rest.”

Then, turning to the ministers of fate,

She, smiling, says, “ My victory's complete :

“ And tell your *Queen*, I thank her for the blow,

“ And grieve my gratitude I cannot show :

“ A poor return I leave in *England's* crown,

“ For everlasting pleasure, and renown :

“ Her guilt alone allays this happy hour ;

“ Her guilt,—the *only* vengeance in her pow'r.”

Not *Rome*, untouch'd with sorrow, heard her fate ;
 And fierce *MARIA* pity'd her too late.

† Here she embraces them.

LOVE of FAME,
THE
UNIVERSAL PASSION.
IN
Seven CHARACTERISTICAL
SATIRES.

— *Fulgente trahit constrictos gloria curra
Non minus ignotus generosis.*

HOR.

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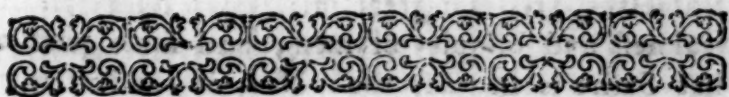
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P R E F A C E.

THESE Satires have been favourably received at home and abroad. I am not conscious of the least malevolence to any particular person through all the characters; though some persons may be so selfish, as to engross a general application to themselves. A writer in polite letters should be content with reputation; the private amusement he finds in his compositions; the good influence they have on his severer studies; that admission they give him to his superiors; and the possible good effect they may have on the public; or else he should join to his politeness some more lucrative qualification.

But it is possible, that satire may not do much good: Men may rise in their affections to their follies, as they do to their friends, when they are abused by others: It is much *to be feared*, that misconduct will never be chased out of the world by *Satire*; all therefore that is to be said for it, is, that misconduct will *certainly* be never chased out of the world by Satire, if no Satires are written: Nor is that term unapplicable to graver compositions. *Ethics*, *Heathen* and *Christian*, and the *Scriptures* themselves,

themselves, are, in a great measure, a *Satire* on the weakness and iniquity of men; and some part of that *Satire* is in verse too: Nay, in the first ages, Philosophy and Poetry were the same thing; wisdom wore no other dress: So, I hope, these *Satires* will be the more easily pardoned that misfortune by the severe. Nay, *Historians* themselves may be considered as *Satirists*, and *Satirists* most severe; since such are most human actions, that to *relate*, is to *expose* them.

No man can converse much in the world, but, at what he meets with, he must either be insensible, or grieve, or be angry, or smile. Some passion (if we are not impassive) must be moved; for the general conduct of mankind is by no means a thing *indifferent* to a reasonable and virtuous man. Now to smile at it, and turn it into ridicule, I think most eligible; as it hurts ourselves least, and gives vice and folly the greatest offence: And that for *this* reason; because what men aim at by them, is, generally, public opinion and esteem; which truth is the subject of the following *Satires*; and joins them together, as several branches from the same root: An unity of design, which has not, I think, in a set of *satires*, been attempted before.

Laughing at the misconduct of the world, will, in a great measure, ease us of any more disagreeable passion about it. One passion is more effectually driven out by another, than by reason; whatever some may teach: For to reason we owe our passions: Had we not reason, we should not be offended at what
we

we find amiss: And the *Cause* seems not to be the natural cure of any *Effect*.

Moreover, *Laughing Satire* bids the fairest for success: The world is too proud to be fond of a serious tutor; and when an Author is in a passion, the laugh, generally, as in conversation, turns against him. This kind of Satire only has any delicacy in it. Of this delicacy *Horace* is the best master: He appears in good humour while he censures; and therefore his censure has the more weight, as supposed to proceed from judgment, not from passion. *Juvenal* is ever in a passion: He has little valuable but his eloquence and morality: The last of which I have had in my eye; but rather for emulation, than imitation, through my whole work.

But though I comparatively condemn *Juvenal*, in part of the sixth Satire (where the occasion most required it), I endeavoured to touch on his manner; but was forced to quit it soon, as disagreeable to the writer, and reader too. *Boileau* has joined both the *Roman* Satirists with great success; but has too much of *Juvenal* in his very serious Satire on Woman, which should have been the gayest of all. An excellent critic of our own commends *Boileau's* closeness, or, as he calls it, *Pressness*, particularly; whereas, it appears to me, that repetition is his fault, if any fault should be imputed to him.

There are some prose Satirists of the greatest delicacy and wit; the last of which can never, or should never, succeed without the former. An Author without it, betrays too great a contempt for mankind,

and opinion of himself; which are bad advocates for reputation and success. What a difference is there between the *merit*, if not the *wit*, of *Cervantes* and *Rabelais*? The last has a particular art of throwing a great deal of genius and learning into frolic and jest; but the genius and the scholar is all you can admire; you want the gentleman to converse with in him: he is like a criminal who receives his life for some services; you commend, but you pardon too. Indecency offends our pride, as men; and our unaffected taste, as judges of composition: Nature has wisely formed us with an aversion to it; and he that succeeds in spite of it, is *, *aliena venia, quam sua providentia tutior*.

Such wits, like false oracles of old (which were wits and cheats), should set up for reputation among the *weak*, in some *Boeotia*, which was the land of oracles; for the *wise* will hold them in contempt. Some wits too, like oracles, deal in *ambiguities*; but not with equal success: For though ambiguities are the *first* excellence of an impostor, they are the *last* of a wit.

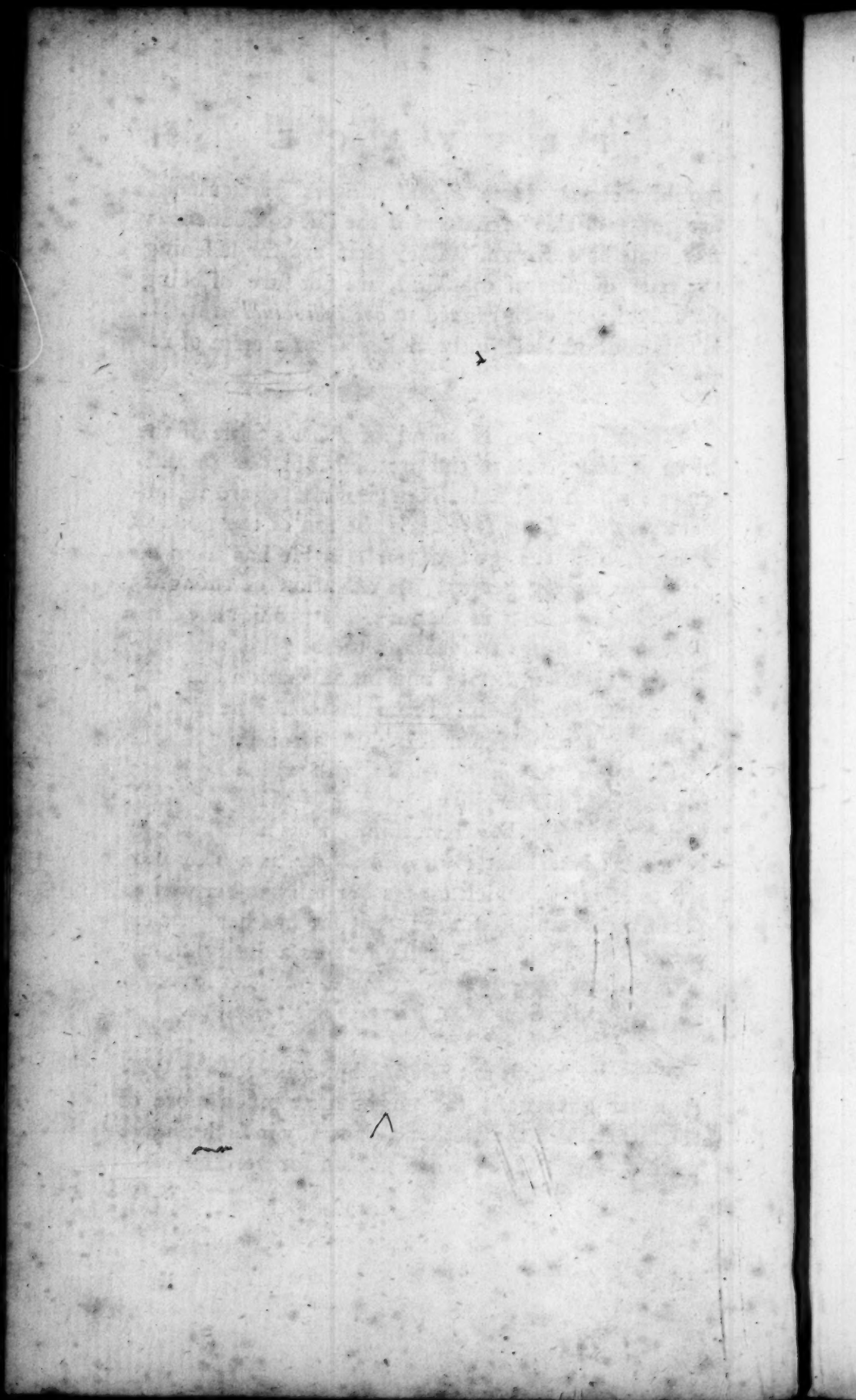
Some satirical wits and humourists, like their father *Lucian*, laugh at every thing indiscriminately; which betrays such a poverty of wit, as cannot afford to part with any thing; and such a want of virtue, as to postpone it to a jest. Such writers encourage vice and folly, which they pretend to combat, by setting them on an equal foot with better things: And while they labour to bring every thing into contempt, how can they expect their own parts should

* Val. Max.

should escape? Some *Frensh* writers particularly, are guilty of this in matters of the last consequence; and some of our own. They that are for lessening the true dignity of mankind, are not sure of being successful, but with regard to *one individual* in it. It is this conduct that justly makes a *wit* a term of reproach.

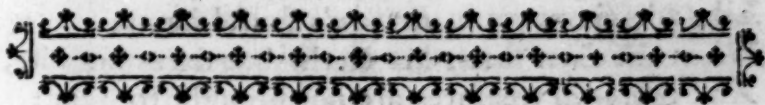
Which puts me in mind of *Plato's* fable of the birth of *Love*: one of the prettiest fables of all antiquity; which will hold likewise with regard to modern *poetry*. *Love*, says he, is the son of the goddess *Poverty*, and the god of *riches*: He has from his *father* his daring genius; his elevation of thought; his building castles in the air; his prodigality; his neglect of things serious and useful; his vain opinion of his own merit; and his affectation of preference and distinction: From his *mother* he inherits his indigence, which makes him a constant beggar of favours; that importunity with which he begs; his flattery; his servility; his fear of being despised, which is inseparable from him. This addition may be made; *viz.* That *Poetry*, like *Love*, is a little subject to *blindness*, which makes her mistake her way to preferments and honours; that she has her satirical *quiver*; and, lastly, that she retains a dutiful admiration of her *father's* family; but divides her favours, and generally lives with her *mother's* relations.

However, this is not *necessity*, but *choice*: Were *Wisdom* her governess, she might have much more of the father than the mother; especially in such an age as this, which shews a due passion for her charms.





Malpas del el Sr.



SATIRE I.

TO HIS GRACE

The DUKE of DORSET.

— *Tanto major Famæ sitis est, quam
Virtutis.*

Juv. Sat. 10.

MY verse is Satire ; DORSET, lend your ear,
 And *patronize* a muse you cannot *fear*.
 To poets sacred is a DORSET's name :
 Their wonted passport through the gates of fame :
 It *bribes* the partial reader into praise,
 And throws a glory round the shelter'd lays :
 The dazzled judgment fewer faults can see,
 And gives applause to *B——e*, or to me.
 But you decline the *mistress* we pursue ;
 Others are fond of *Fame*, but *Fame* of you.

Instructive Satire, true to virtue's cause !
 Thou shining *supplement* of public laws !
 When *flatter'd crimes* of a licentious age
 Reproach our silence, and demand our rage ;

D. 6.

When

When *purchas'd follies*, from each distant land,
 Like arts, improve in *Britain's* skilful hand;
 When the *Law* shews her teeth, but dares not bite,
 And *South-sea* treasures are not brought to light;
 When *churchmen* scripture for the classics quit,
 Polite apostates from God's *grace* to *wit*;
 When men grow *great* from their *revenue spent*,
 And fly from bailiffs into parliament;
 When dying sinners, to blot out their score,
 Bequeath the *church* the leavings of a *whore*;
 To chafe our spleen, when themes like these increase,
 Shall *Panegyric* reign, and *Censure* cease?

Shall *Poesy*, like *Law*, turn wrong to right,
 And dedications wash an *Æthiop* white,
 Set up each senseless wretch for nature's boast,
 On whom praise shines, as trophies on a *post*?
 Shall fun'ral eloquence her colours spread,
 And scatter roses on the wealthy dead?
 Shall authors smile on such illustrious days,
 And *satirise* with nothing—but their *praise*?

Why slumbers POPE, who leads the tuneful train,
 Nor hears that virtue, which he loves, complain?
 DONNE, DORSET, DRYDEN, ROCHESTER, are dead,
 And guilt's chief foe, in ADDISON, is fled;
 CONGREVE, who, crown'd with laurels, fairly won,
 Sits smiling at the goal, while others run,
 He will not write; and (more provoking still!)
 Ye gods! he will not write, and MÆVIUS will.

Doubly distressed, what author shall we find
 Discreetly daring, and severely kind,
 The courtly * *Roman's* shining path to tread,
 And sharply *smile* prevailing folly dead?

• HORACE.

Will

Will no superior genius snatch the quill,
And save me, on the brink, from writing ill?
Though vain the strife, I'll strive my voice to raise.
What will not men attempt for *sacred praise*?

The *Love of Praise*, howe'er conceal'd by art,
Reigns, more or less, and glows, in ev'ry heart :
The *proud*, to gain it, toils on toils endure ;
The *modest* shun it, but to make it sure.
O'er globes, and sceptres, now on thrones it swells ;
Now, trims the midnight-lamp in college cells :
'Tis Tory, Whig ; it plots, prays, preaches, pleads,
Harangues in senates, squeaks in masquerades.
Here, to *S* — *e's* *humour* makes a bold pretence ;
There, bolder, aims at *P* — *y's* *eloquence*.
It aids the *dancer's* heel, the *writer's* head,
And heaps the plain with mountains of the dead ;
Nor ends with *life* ; but nods in fable *plumes*,
Adorns our *hearse*, and flatters on our *tombs*.

What is not *proud* ? The *pimp* is proud to see
So many like himself in high degree :
The *whore* is proud her beauties are the dread
Of peevish virtue, and the marriage-bed ;
And the brib'd *cuckold*, like crown'd victims born
To slaughter, glories in his gilded horn.

Some go to church, *proud* humbly to repent,
And come back much more guilty than they went :
One way they *look*, another way they *steer*,
Pray to the gods, but would have mortals hear ;
And when their sins they set sincerely down,
They'll find that their religion has been one.

Others with wishful eyes on *glory* look,
When they have got their *picture* tow'rd's a book ;
Or *pompous* title, like a gaudy sign,
Meant to betray dull fots to wretched wine.

If at his title *T*—— had dropt his quill,
T—— might have pass'd for a great genius still.
 But *T*—— alas! (excuse him, if you can)
 Is now a *scribbler*, who was once a *man*.
 Imperious some a classic *fame* demand,
 For heaping up, with a laborious hand,
 A waggon-load of meanings for *one* word,
 While *A*'s depos'd, and *B* with pomp restor'd.

Some, for *renown*, on scraps of learning doat,
 And think they grow immortal as they *quote*.
 To patch-work learn'd quotations are ally'd;
 Both strive to make our *poverty* our *pride*.

On *glass* how witty is a noble peer?
 Did ever diamond cost a man so *dear*?

Polite diseases make some ideots *vain*;
 Which, if unfortunately well, they feign.

Of folly, vice, disease, men proud we see;
 And (stranger still!) of blockheads' flattery;
 Whose praise defames; as if a fool should mean,
 By spitting on your face, to make it clean.

Nor is't enough all hearts are swoln with *pride*,
 Her *power* is mighty, as her *realm* is wide.
 What can she not perform? The Love of Fame
 Made bold ALPHONSUS his Creator blame:
 EMPEDOCLES hurl'd down the burning steep:
 And (stronger still!) made ALEXANDER weep.
 Nay, it holds DELIA from a second bed,
 Though her lov'd lord has four half months been
 dead.

This passion with a *pimple* have I seen
 Retard a cause, and give a judge the spleen.
 By *this* inspir'd (O ne'er to be forgot!)
 Some lords have learn'd to *spell*, and some to *knot*.

It

It makes *GLOBOSE* a speaker in the house;
 He hems, and is deliver'd of his mouse.
 It makes *dear self* on well-bred tongues prevail,
 And *I* the *little hero* of each tale.

Sick with the *Love of Fame*, what throngs pour in,
 Unpeople *court*, and leave the *senate* thin?
 My growing subject seems but just begun,
 And, chariot-like, I kindle as I run.

Aid me, great *HOMER*! with thy *epic* rules,
 To take a catalogue of *British* fools.
 Satire! had I thy *DORSET*'s force divine,
 A knave or fool should perish in each line;
 Though for the first all *Westminster* should plead,
 And for the last, all *Gresham* intercede.

BEGIN. Who first the *catalogue* shall grace?
 To *quality* belongs the highest place.
 My lord comes forward; forward let him come!
 Ye vulgar! at your peril, give him room:
 He stands for *fame* on his forefathers' feet,
 By heraldry, prov'd *valiant* or *discreet*.
 With what a decent pride he throws his eyes
 Above the man by *three descents* less wise?
 If virtues at his noble hands you crave,
 You bid him raise his fathers from the grave.
 Men should press forward in fame's glorious chace;
 Nobles look *backward*, and so lose the race.

Let high birth triumph! What can be more great?
 Nothing—but merit in a low estate.
 To virtue's humblest son let none prefer
 Vice, though descended from the Conqueror.
 Shall men, like *figures*, pass for high, or base,
 Slight, or important, only by their place?
 Titles are marks of *honest* men, and wise;
 The fool, or knave, that wears a title, *lies*.

They

They that on glorious ancestors enlarge,
Produce their *debt*, instead of their *discharge*.
DORSET, let those who proudly boast their line,
Like thee, in worth hereditary, shine.

Vain as false greatness is, the muse must own
We want not fools to buy that *Bristol* stone.
Mean sons of earth, who, on a *South-sea* tide
Of full success, swarm into *wealth* and *pride*.
Knock with a purse of gold at ANSTIS' gate,
And beg to be descended from the great.

When men of infamy to grandeur soar,
They light a torch to shew their shame the more.
Those governments which *curb* not evils, *cause*!
And a rich knave's a *libel* on our *laws*.

BELUS with solid *glory* will be crown'd;
He buys no phantom, no vain empty sound;
But *builds* himself a name; and, to be great,
Sinks in a quarry an immense estate!
In cost and grandeur, *C—dos* he'll out-do;
And, *B—l—ton*, thy taste is not so true.
The pile is finish'd; ev'ry toil is past;
And full perfection is arriv'd at last;
When, lo! my lord to some small corner runs,
And leaves state-rooms to *strangers* and to *duns*.

The man who builds, and wants wherewith to pay,
Provides a home from which to run away.
In *Britain*, what is many a lordly seat,
But a discharge in full for an estate?

In smaller compass lies PYGMALION's fame;
Not domes, but antique statues, are his flame:
Not *F—t—n's* self more *Parian* charms has known;
Nor is good *P—b—ke* more in love with stone.
The bailiffs come (rude men prophanely bold!)
And bid him turn his VENUS into gold.

“No,

"No, sirs, he cries; I'll sooner rot in jail,
 "Shall *Grecian* arts be truck'd for *English* bail?"
 Such *heads* might make their very *busts* laugh:
 His daughter starves; but * *CLEOPATRA's* safe.

Men, overloaded with a large estate,
 May spill their treasure in a nice conceit:
 The *rich* may be polite; but, oh! 'tis sad
 To say you're *curious*, when we swear you're *mad*.
 By your revenue measure your expence;
 And to your *funds* and *acres* join your *sense*.
 No man is bless'd by *accident* or *guess*;
 True *wisdom* is the price of *happiness*:
 Yet few without long discipline are sage;
 And our *youth* only lays up sighs for age.
 But how, my muse, canst thou resist so long
 The bright temptation of the Courtly throng,
 Thy most inviting theme? The *court* affords
 Much food for satire;—it abounds in lords.
 "What lords are those saluting with a grin?"
 One is just *out*, and one as lately *in*.
 "How comes it then to pass we see preside
 "On both their brows an equal share of *pride*?"
 Pride, that impartial passion, reigns through all,
 Attends our glory, nor deserts our fall.
 As in its home it triumphs in *high place*,
 And frowns a haughty exile in *disgrace*.
 Some lords it bids admire their wands so white,
 Which bloom, like *AARON's*, to their ravish'd sight:
 Some lords it bids *resign*; and turn their wands,
 Like *MOSES'*, into serpents in their hands.
 These sink, as divers, for renown; and boast,
 With *pride inverted*, of their honours lost.

But

* A famous statue.

But against reason sure 'tis equal sin,
To boast of merely being *out*, or *in*.

What numbers *here*, through odd ambition strive,
To seem the most transported things alive?

As if by *joy*, *desert* was understood;

And all the fortunate were *wise* and *good*.

Hence aching bosoms wear a visage gay,

And stifled groans frequent the ball and play.

Completely drest by * MONTEUIL, and grimace,

They take their *birth-day* suit, and *public* face:

Their smiles are only part of what they *wear*,

Put off at night, with lady *B* — 's hair.

What bodily fatigue is half so bad?

With anxious *care* they labour to be *glad*.

What numbers, *here*, would into fame advance,

Conscious of merit, in the coxcomb's *dance*;

The tavern! park! assembly! mask! and play!

Those dear destroyers of the tedious day!

That wheel of fops! that saunter of the town!

Call it *diversion*, and the *pill* goes down.

Fools grin on fools, and, *stoic*-like, support,

Without one sigh, the *pleasures* of a court.

Courts can give nothing, to the *wise* and *good*,

But scorn of pomp, and love of solitude.

High stations *tumult*, but not *bliss* create:

None think the Great unhappy, but the Great:

Fools gaze, and envy; envy darts a sting,

Which makes a swain as wretched as a king.

I envy none their pageantry and show;

I envy none the *gilding* of their woe.

Give me, indulgent Gods! with mind serene,

And guiltless heart, to range the sylvan scene;

No.

* A famous Taylor.

No splendid poverty, no smiling care,
No well-bred hate, or servile grandeur, *there* :
There pleasing objects useful thoughts suggest ;
The *sense* is ravish'd, and the *soul* is blest ;
On every thorn delightful wisdom grows ;
In every rill a sweet instruction flows.
But some, *untaught*, o'erhear the whisp'ring rill,
In spite of sacred leisure, blockheads still :
Nor shoots up folly to a nobler bloom
In her own native soil, the *drawing-room*.

The *Squire* is proud to see his courfers strain,
Or well-breath'd beagles sweep along the plain.
Say, dear HIPPOLITUS (whose drink is ale,
Whose erudition is a *Christmas-tale*,
Whose mistress is saluted with a smack,
And friend receiv'd with thumps upon the back)
When thy sleek gelding nimbly leaps the mound,
And RINGWOOD opens on the tainted ground,
Is that *thy* praise ? Let RINGWOOD's fame alone ;
Just RINGWOOD leaves each animal his own ;
Nor envies, when a gypsy *you* commit,
And shake the clumsy *bench* with country wit ;
When you the dullest of dull things have said,
And then ask pardon for the *jest* you made.

Here breathe, my muse ! and then thy task renew :
Ten thousand fools unsung are still in view.
Fewer lay-atheists made by church-debates ;
Fewer great beggars fam'd for large estates ;
Ladies, whose love is constant as the wind ;
Cits, who prefer a guinea to mankind ;
Fewer grave lords, to SCR—PE discreetly bend ;
And fewer *shocks* a statesman gives his friend.

Is there a man of an eternal vein,
Who lulls the town in *winter* with his strain,

At

At *Bath*, in *summer*, chants the reigning lass,
 And sweetly *whistles*, as the *waters* pass?
 Is there a tongue, like *DELIA*'s o'er her cup.
 That runs for ages without winding up?
 Is there, whom his *tenth Epic* mounts to fame?
 Such, and such only, might exhaust my theme:
 Nor would these heroes of the task be glad;
 For who can *write* so fast as men run *mad*?



SATIRE



S A T I R E II.

MY muse, proceed, and reach thy destin'd end;
 Though *toils* and *danger* the bold task attend.
Heroes and *Gods* make other poems fine;
 Plain satire calls for *sense* in every line:
 Then, to what swarms thy faults I dare expose!
 All friends to *vice* and *folly* are thy foes.
 When *such* the foe, a war eternal wage;
 'Tis most ill-nature to *repress* thy rage:
 And if these strains some nobler muse excite,
 I'll glory in the verse I did *not* write.

So weak are human kind by nature made,
 Or to such weakness by their vice betray'd,
 Almighty *vanity*! to thee they owe
 Their *zest* of pleasure, and their *balm* of woe.
 Thou, like the sun, all *colours* dost contain,
 Varying, like rays of light, on drops of rain.
 For every soul finds reasons to be proud,
 Though hiss'd and hooted by the pointing crowd.

Warm in pursuit of foxes, and renown,
 ‡ **HIPPOLITUS** demands the *sylvan* crown;
 But **FLORIO**'s fame, the product of a shower,
 Grows in his garden, an illustrious flower!
 Why teems the earth? Why melt the vernal skies?
 Why shines the sun? To make * *Paul Diack* rise.

From

‡ This refers to the first Satire.

* The name of a tulip.

From morn to night has FLORIO gazing stood,
 And wonder'd how the gods could be so good;
 What shape? What hue? Was ever nymph so fair?
 He doats! he dies! he too is *rooted* there.
 O solid blifs! which nothing can destroy,
 Except a cat, bird, snail, or idle boy.
 In fame's full bloom lies FLORIO down at night,
 And wakes next day a most inglorious wight;
 The tulip's dead! See thy fair sister's fate,
 O C——! and be kind ere 'tis too late.

Nor are those *enemies* I mention'd, all;
 Beware, O Florist, thy ambition's fall.
 A friend of mine indulg'd this noble flame;
 A Quaker serv'd him, ADAM was his name;
 To one lov'd tulip oft the master went,
 Hung o'er it, and whole days in rapture spent;
 But came, and mist it one ill-fated hour:
 Herag'd! heroar'd! "What *demon* cropt my flow'r?"
 Serene, quoth ADAM, "Lo! 'twas crush'd by me;
 "Fall'n is the BAAL to which thou bow'dst thy knee."

But all men want *amusement*; and what crime
 In such a paradise to fool their time?
 None: but why proud of this? To fame they soar;
 We grant *they're idle*, if they'll ask no more.

We smile at Florists, we despise their joy,
 And think their hearts enamour'd of a toy:
 But are those wiser whom we most admire,
 Survey with envy, and pursue with fire?
 What's he who sighs for wealth, or fame, or power?
 Another FLORIO doating on a flower;
 A short-liv'd flower; and which has often sprung
 From sordid arts, as FLORIO's out of dung.

With what, O CODRUS! is thy fancy smit?
 The *flow'r* of learning, and the *bloom* of wit.

Thy

Thy gaudy shelves with crimson bindings glow,
And EPICUREUS is a perfect beau.

How fit for thee, bound up in crimson too,
Gilt, and, like them, devoted to the view?
Thy books are *furniture*. Methinks 'tis hard
That science should be purchas'd by the yard;
And T——N, turn'd upholsterer, send home
The gilded leather to *fit up* thy room.

If not to some peculiar end design'd,
Study's the specious *trifling* of the mind;
Or is at best a secondary aim,
A chace for *sport* alone, and not for *game*.
If so, sure they who the *mere volume* prize,
But love the thicket where the *quarry* lies.

On buying books LORENZO long was bent,
But found at length that it reduc'd his rent;
His farms were flown; when, lo! a sale comes on,
A choice collection! what is to be done?
He sells his *last*; for he the whole will buy;
Sells ev'n his house; nay, wants whereon to lie:
So high the generous ardour of the man
For *Romans*, *Greeks*, and *Oriental*s ran.
When terms were drawn, and brought him by the
clerk,

LORENZO sign'd the bargain—with his *mark*.
Unlearned men of books assume the care,
As eunuchs are the guardians of the fair.

Not in his authors' *liveries* alone
Is CODRUS' erudite ambition shown:
Editions various, at high prices bought,
Inform the world what CODRUS would be *thought*;
And to this cost another must succeed
To pay a sage, who *says* that he can read;

Who

Who *titles* knows, and *indexes* has seen ;
 But leaves to — what lies between ;
 Of pompous books who shuns the proud expence,
 And humbly is contented with their *sense*.

O —, whose accomplishments make good
 The *promise* of a long illustrious blood,
 In *arts*, and *manners* eminently grac'd,
 The strictest *honour* ! and the finest *taste* !
 Accept this verse ; if Satire can agree
 With so consummate an *humanity*.

By your example would HILARIO mend ;
 How would it grace the talents of my friend,
 Who, with the charms of his own genius smit,
 Conceives all virtues are compriz'd in wit !
 But time his fervent petulance may cool ;
 For though he is a *wit*, he is no *fool*.
 In time he'll learn to *use*, not *waste* his *sense* ;
 Nor make a *frailty* of an *excellence*.
 He spares nor friend, nor foe ; but calls to mind,
 Like *doom's-day*, all the faults of all mankind.

What though *wit* tickles ? tickling is unsafe,
 If still 'tis *painful* while it makes us *laugh*.
 Who, for the poor renown of being *smart*,
 Would leave a sting within a brother's heart ?

Parts may be prais'd, *good-nature* is ador'd ;
 Then draw your *wit* as seldom as your *sword* ;
 And never on the *weak* ; or you'll appear
 As *there* no hero, no great genius *here*.
 As in smooth oil the razor best is whet,
 So *wit* is by *politeness* sharpest set :
 Their want of edge from their *offence* is seen ;
 Both pain us *least* when exquisitely keen,
 The *same* men give is for the *joy* they find ;
 Dull is the *jester*, when the *joke's unkind*.

Since

Since MARCUS, doubtless, thinks himself a wit,
 To pay my compliment, what place so fit?
 His most facetious * letters came to hand,
 Which my First Satire sweetly reprimand:
 If that a *just* offence to MARCUS gave,
 Say, MARCUS, which art thou, a *Fool*, or *Knave*?
 For all but such with caution I forbore;
 That thou wast either, I ne'er knew before:
 I know thee now, both *what* thou art, and *who*:
 No mask so good, but MARCUS must shine through:
 False names are vain, thy lines their author tell;
 Thy best concealment had been writing *well*:
 But thou a brave neglect of *same* hast shown,
 Of *others'* fame, great genius! and thy *own*.
 Write on unheeded; and this maxim know,
 The man who *pardons*, *disappoints* his foe.

In malice to *proud wits*, some proudly lull
 Their *peevish* reason; *vain* of being dull;
 When some home-joke has stung their *solemn* souls,
 In vengeance they determine—to be *fools*;
 Through spleen, that *little* nature gave, make *less*,
 Quite zealous in the way of *heaviness*;
 To *lumps* inanimate a fondness take;
 And disinherit sons that are *awake*.
 These, when their utmost venom they would spit,
 Most barbarously tell you—"He's a *wit*."
 Poor *negroes*, thus, to shew their burning spite
 To cacodemons, say, they're *dev'lish white*.

LAMPRIIDIUS, from the bottom of his breast,
Sighs o'er one child: but triumphs in the rest.
 How just his *grief*! one carries in his head
 A less proportion of the father's lead;

* Letters sent to the Author, signed MARCUS.

And is in danger, without special grace,
 To rise above a justice of the peace.
 The *dunghill-breed* of men a *diamond* scorn,
 And feel a passion for a *grain of corn*;
 Some stupid, plodding, money-loving wight,
 Who wins their hearts by knowing black from white,
 Who with *much* pains, exerting *all* his sense,
 Can range aright his shillings, pounds, and pence.

The booby father craves a booby son ;
 And by Heav'n's *blessing* thinks himself *undone*.

Wants of all kinds are made to fame a plea ;
 One learns to *lisp* ; another, *not* to see :
 Miss D —, tottering, catches at your hand :
 Was ever thing so pretty born to stand ?
 Whilst these, what nature gave, disown, through
 pride,

Others affect what nature has deny'd ;
 What nature has deny'd, fools will pursue :
 As *apes* are ever walking upon *two*.

CRASSUS, a *grateful* sage, our awe and sport !
 Supports grave forms ; for forms the sage support.
 He hems ; and cries, with an important air,
 " If yonder clouds withdraw it will be fair :"
 Then quotes the *Stagyrite*, to prove it true ;
 And adds, " The learn'd delight in something *new*."
 Is't not enough the blockhead scarce can read,
 But must he *wisely* look, and *gravely* plead ?
 As far a *formalist* from *wisdom* sits,
 In judging eyes, as *libertines* from *wits*.

These subtle wights (so blind are mortal men,
 Though Satire *couch* them with her keenest pen)
 For ever will hang out a solemn face,
 To put off *nonsense* with a better grace :

As

As pedlars with some hero's head make bold,
 Illustrious mark ! where *pins* are to be fold.
 What's the bent brow, or neck in thought reclin'd?
 The *body's* wisdom to conceal the mind.

A man of sense can *artifice* disdain ;
 As men of wealth may venture to go *plain* ;
 And be this truth eternal ne'er forgot,

Solemnity's a cover for a *fool*.
 I find the *fool*, when I behold the *screen* ;
 For 'tis the wise man's interest to be seen.

Hence, —, that openness of heart,
 And just disdain for that poor *mimic* art ;
 Hence (manly praise !) that manner nobly free,
 Which all admire, and I commend, in thee.

With generous scorn how oft hast thou survey'd
 Of court and town the noontide masquerade ;
 Where swarms of *knaves* the vizor quite disgrace,
 And hide secure behind a *naked face* ?
 Where nature's end of language is declin'd,
 And men talk only to *conceal* the mind ;
 Where gen'rous hearts the greatest hazard run,
 And he who trusts a *brother*, is undone ?

These all their care expend on outward show
 For wealth and fame ; for fame alone, the *beau*.
 Of late at WHITE'S was young FLORELLO seen !
 How blank his look ! how discompos'd his mien !
 So hard it proves in grief sincere to feign !
Sunk were his spirits ; for his coat was *plain*.

Next day his breast regain'd its wonted peace ;
 His health was mended with a *silver lace*.
 A curious artist, long inur'd to toils
 Of gentler sort, with combs, and fragrant oils,
 Whether by chance, or by some god inspir'd,
 So touch'd his *curls*, his mighty soul was fir'd.

The well-swoln ties an equal homage claim,
 And either shoulder has its share of fame;
 His sumptuous *watch-case*, though conceal'd it lies,
 Like a good *conscience*, solid joy supplies.
 He only thinks himself (so far from vain!)
 ST — PE in wit, in breeding D — L — E.
 Whene'er, by *seeming* chance, he throws his eye
 On mirrors that reflect his *Tyrian* dye,
 With how sublime a transport leaps his heart!
 But fate ordains that dearest friends must part.
 In active measures, brought from *France*, he wheels,
 And triumphs, conscious of his learned *heels*.

So have I seen, on some bright summer's day,
 A calf of genius, debonnair and gay,
 Dance on the bank, as if inspir'd by fame,
 Fond of the *pretty fellow* in the stream.

MOROSE is sunk with shame, whene'er surpris'd
 In linen clean, or peruke undisguis'd.
 No sublunary chance his vestments fear;
 Valu'd, like leopards, as their *spots* appear.
 A fam'd furtout he wears, which *once* was blue,
 And his foot swims in a capacious shoe;
 One day his wife (for who can wives reclaim?)
 Levell'd her barb'rous *needle* at his fame:
 But open force was vain; by night she went,
 And, while he slept, surpriz'd the darling *rent*:
 Where yawn'd the frieze is now become a doubt;
 And glory, at one entrance, quite *shut out* *.

He scorns FLORELLO, and FLORELLO him;
 This hates the *filthy* creature; that, the *prim*:
 Thus, in each other, both these fools despise
 Their own dear selves, with undiscerning eyes;

Their methods various, but alike their aim ;
The *sloven* and the *fopling* are the same.

Ye whigs and tories ! thus it fares with you,
When party-rage too warmly you pursue ;
Then both club nonsense, and impetuous pride,
And *folly* joins whom *sentiments* divide.
You vent your spleen, as monkeys, when they pass,
Scratch at the mimic monkey in the glass ;
While both are *one* : and henceforth be it known,
Fools of both sides shall stand for fools alone.

" But who art Thou ? " methinks FLORELLO cries :
" Of all thy species art thou only wise ? "

Since smallest things can give our sins a twitch,
As crossing straws retard a passing witch,
FLORELLO, thou my monitor shalt be ;
I'll *conjure* thus some profit out of *thee*.

O THOU myself ! abroad our counsels roam,
And, like ill husbands, take no care at home :
Thou too art wounded with the common dart,
And Love of Fame lies throbbing at thy heart ;
And what wise means to gain it hast thou chose ?
Know, *fame* and *fortune* both are made of prose.
Is thy ambition sweating for a *rhyme*,
Thou unambitious fool, at this late time ?
While I a moment name, a moment's past ;
I'm nearer death in *this* verse, than the *last* :
What then is to be done ? Be wise with speed ;
A fool at forty is a fool indeed.

And what so foolish as the chace of fame ?
How vain the prize ? how impotent our aim ?
For what are men who grasp at praise sublime,
But *bubbles* on the rapid stream of time,
That rise, and fall, that swell, and are no more,
Born, and forgot, ten thousand in an hour ?



SATIRE III.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

Mr. DODINGTON.

LONG, DODINGTON, in debt, I long have sought
 To ease the burden of my grateful thought ;
 And now a poet's gratitude you see ;
 Grant him *two* favours, and he'll ask for *three* :
 For whose the present glory, or the gain ?
 You give protection, I a worthless strain.
 You love and feel the poet's sacred flame,
 And know the basis of a solid fame ;
 Though prone to like, yet cautious to commend,
 You read with all the *malice* of a *friend* ;
 Nor favour my attempts that way alone,
 But, more to raise my verse, *conceal* your own.

An ill-tim'd modesty ! turn ages o'er,
 When wanted *Britain* bright examples more ?
 Her *learning*, and her *genius* too, decays,
 And *dark* and *cold* are her declining days ;
 As if men now were of another cast,
 They meanly live *on alms* of ages past.
 Men still are men ; and they who boldly dare,
 Shall triumph o'er the sons of cold despair ;

Or,

Or, if they fail, they justly still take place
Of such who *run in debt* for their disgrace ;
Who borrow much, then fairly make it known,
And damn it with *improvements* of their own.
We bring some new materials, and what's old
New cast with care, and in no *borrow'd* mould ;
Late times the verse may read, if these refuse ;
And from four critics vindicate the muse.

"Your work is long," the critics cry. 'Tis true,
And lengthens still, to take in fools like you !
Shorten my labour, if its length you blame ;
For, grow but wise, you rob me of my game ;
As hunted *hags*, who, while the dogs pursue,
Renounce their four legs, and start up on two.

Like the bold bird upon the banks of *Nile*,
That picks the teeth of the dire *crocodile*,
Will I enjoy, (dread feast !) the critic's rage,
And with the fell *destroyer* feed my page.
For what ambitious fools are more to blame,
Than those who thunder in the critic's name ?
Good authors damn'd, have their revenge in *this*,
To see what wretches gain the praise they miss.

BALBUTIUS, muffled in his sable cloak,
Like an old Druid from his hollow oak,
As ravens solemn, and as *boding*, cries,
"Ten thousand worlds for the three unities !"
Ye doctors sage, who through *Parnassus* teach,
Or quit the tub, or practise what you preach.

One judges *as the weather* dictates ; right
The poem is at noon, and wrong at night :
Another judges by a surer gage,
An author's *principles*, or *parentage* ;
Since his great ancestors in *Flanders* fell,
The poem, doubtless, must be written well.

Another judges by the writer's *look* :
Another judges, for he *bought the book* ;
Some judge, their knack of *judging wrong* to keep ;
Some judge, because it is too soon to *sleep*.

Thus all will judge, and with one single aim,
To gain themselves, not give the writer, fame.
The very best *ambitiously* advise,
Half to serve you, and half to pass for wife.

Critics on verse, as *squibs* on triumphs wait,
Proclaim the glory, and augment the state ;
Hot, envious, noisy, proud, the scribbling fry
Burn, hiss, and bounce, waste paper, stink, and die.
Rail on, my friends ! what more my verse can crown
Than *Compton's* smile, and your obliging frown ?

Not all on *books* their *criticism* waste :
The genius of a *dish* some justly taste,
And *eat* their way to *fame* ; with anxious thought
The *salmon* is refus'd, the *turbot* bought.
Impatient art rebukes the sun's delay,
And bids *December* yield the fruits of *May* ;
'Their various cares in one great point combine
The business of their lives, that is—to *dine*.
Half of their precious day they give the *feast* ;
And to a kind *digestion* spare the rest.
APICIUS, here, the taster of the town,
Feeds twice a-week, to settle their renown.

These worthies of the palate guard with care
The sacred annals of their *bills of fare* ;
In those choice books their *panegyrics* read,
And scorn the creatures that for *hunger* feed.
If man by *feeding well* commences great,
Much more the worm to whom that man is meat.

To glory some advance a lying claim,
Thieves of renown, and *pilferers* of fame :

Their

Their front supplies what their ambition lacks ;
 They know a thousand lords, *behind their backs.*
Cottil is apt to wink upon a peer,
 When turn'd away, with a familiar leer ;
 And *H* —y's eyes, unmercifully keen,
 Have murder'd fops, by whom she ne'er was seen.
NIGER adopts stray libels ; wisely prone
 To covet shame still greater than his own.
BATHYLLUS, in the winter of threescore,
 Belies his innocence, and keeps a whore.
 Absence of mind *BRABANTIO* turns to fame,
Learns to mistake, nor knows his brother's name ;
 Has words and thoughts in nice *disorder* set,
 And takes a memorandum to *forget*.
 Thus vain, not knowing what adorns, or blots,
 Men *forge the patents*, that create them fots.

As love of pleasure into pain betrays,
 So most grow infamous through love of praise.
 But whence for praise can such an ardor rise,
 When those, who bring that incense, we despise ?
 For such the vanity of great and small,
 Contempt goes round, and all men laugh at all.

Nor can ev'n Satire blame them ; for, 'tis true,
 They have most ample cause for what they do.
 O fruitful *Britain* ! doubtless thou wast meant
 A nurse of *fools*, to stock the continent.
 Though *PHOEBUS* and the Nine for ever mow,
 Rank folly underneath the scythe will grow.
 The plenteous harvest calls me forward still,
 'Till I surpass in length my lawyer's bill ;
 A *WELCH* descent, which well-paid heralds damn ;
 Or, longer still, a *DUTCHMAN*'s epigram.
 When, cloy'd, in fury I throw down my pen,
 In comes a coxcomb, and I write again.

See TITYRUS, with merriment posselt,
 Is burst with laughter, ere he hears the jest :
 What need he stay ? for when the joke is o'er,
 His *teeth* will be no whiter than before.
 Is there of *these*, ye fair ! so great a dearth,
 That you need purchase *monkeys* for your mirth ?

Some, vain of *paintings*, bid the world admire ;
 Of *houses* some ; nay, houses that they *hire* :
 Some (perfect wisdom !) of a beauteous *wife* ;
 And boast, like Cordeliers, a scourge for life.

Sometimes, through pride, the sexes change their
 airs ;

My lord *has vapours*, and my lady *swears* :
 Then, stranger still ! on turning of the wind,
 My lord *wears breeches*, and my lady's *kind*.

To shew the strength, and infamy of *pride*,
 By all 'tis follow'd, and by all deny'd.
 What numbers are there, which at once pursue
 Praise, and the glory to condemn it, too ?

VINCENNA knows *self-praise* betrays to *shame*,
 And therefore lays a stratagem for fame ;
 Makes his approach in modesty's disguise,
 To win applause ; and takes it by surprize.

"To err," says he, "in small things, is my fate."
 You know your answer, *he's exact in great*.

"My *style*," says he, "is rude and full of faults."

But oh ! what sense ! what energy of thoughts !
 That he wants algebra, he must confess :

But not a soul to give our arms success.

"Ah ; That's an hit indeed," Vincenna cries ;

"But who in heat of blood was ever wise ?

"I own 'twas wrong, when thousands call'd me back,

"To make that hopeless, ill-advis'd, attack ;

"All

“ All say, ’twas madness; nor dare I deny;
 “ Sure never fool so well deserv’d to die.”
 Could *this* deceive in others, to be free,
 It ne’er, *Vincenna*, could deceive in *thee*;
 Whose conduct is a comment to thy tongue;
 So clear, the dullest cannot take thee wrong.
 Thou on *one sleeve* wilt thy *revenues* wear;
 And haunt the court, without a *prospect* there.
 Are these expedients for *renown*? Confess
 Thy *little self*, that I may scorn thee less.

Be wise, *Vincenna*, and the court forsake;
 Our fortunes there, nor *thou*, nor *I*, shall make.
 Ev’n *men of merit*, ere their point they gain,
 In hardy service make a long campaign;
 Most manfully besiege their *patron’s* gate,
 And oft repuls’d, as oft attack the *great*
 With painful art, and application warm,
 And take, at last, some *little place* by storm;
 Enough to keep *two shoes* on *Sunday* clean,
 And *starve* upon discreetly, in *Sheer-Lane*.
 Already *this* thy fortune can afford;
 Then starve without the *favour* of my lord.
 ’Tis true, great fortunes some great men confer;
 But often, ev’n in doing right, they err:
 From *caprice*, not from *choice*, their favours come;
 They give, but think it *toil* to know to whom:
 The man that’s nearest, *yawning*, they advance:
 ’Tis *inhumanity* to *bless* by chance.
 If *merit* sues, and greatness is so loth
 To break its downy trance, I pity both.

I grant at court, *PHILANDER*, at his need,
 (Thanks to his lovely wife) finds friends indeed.
 Of every charm and virtue she’s possess:
Philander! thou art exquisitely blest;

The public envy ! Now then, 'tis allow'd,
 The man is found, who may be *justly* proud :
 But, see ! how sickly is ambition's taste ?
 Ambition feeds on trash, and loaths a feast ;
 For, lo ! *Philander*, of reproach afraid,

¶ In *secret* loves his wife, but *keeps* her maid.

Some nymphs sell reputation ; others buy ;
 And love a market where the rates run high :
Italian music's sweet, because 'tis dear ;
 Their *vanity* is tickled, not their *ear* :
 Their tastes would lessen, if the prices fell,
 And SHAKESPEAR's wretched stuff do quite as well ;
 Away the disinchant'd fair would throng,
 And *own*, that *English* is their mother tongue.

To shew how much our northern tastes refine,
Imported nymphs our peeresses outshine ;
 While *tradesmen* starve, these PHILOMELS are gay ;
 For generous lords had rather *give* that *pay*.

Behold the masquerade's fantastic scene !

The *Legislature* join'd with *Drury-lane* !
 When *Britain* calls, th' embroider'd patriots run,
 And serve their *country*—if the *dance* is done.

“ Are we not then allow'd to be polite ? ”
 Yes, doubtless ; but first set your notions right.

Worth, of *politeness* is the needful ground ;
 Where *that* is wanting, *this* can ne'er be found.

Triflers not e'en in trifles can excel ;

'Tis *solid* bodies only *polish* well.

Great, chosen prophet ! For these latter days,
 To turn a willing world *from* righteous ways !

Well, H — R, dost thou thy *master* serve ;

Well has he seen his *servant* should not starve.

Thou to his name hast splendid *temples* rais'd ;

In various forms of *worship* seen him prais'd,

Gaudy

Gaudy devotion, like a *Roman*, shown,
 And sung sweet anthems in a tongue *unknown*.
 Inferior off'rings to thy god of vice
 Are duly paid, in *fiddles*, *cards*, and *dice* ;
 Thy sacrifice supreme, an *hundred maids* !
 That solemn rite of midnight masquerades !
 If maids the quite exhausted town denies,
 An hundred heads of *cuckolds* may suffice.
 Thou smil'st, well pleas'd with the *converted* land,
 To see the *fifty churches* at a stand.
 And that thy minister may never fail,
 But what thy hand has planted still prevail,
 Of *minor prophets* a succession sure
 The propagation of thy zeal secure.

See commons, peers, and ministers of state,
 In solemn council met, and deep debate !
 What Godlike enterprize is taking birth ?
 What wonder opens on th' expecting earth ?
 'Tis done ! with loud applause the council rings !
 Fix'd is the fate of *whores* and *fiddle-strings* !

Though bold these truths, thou, Muse, with truths
 like these,

Wilt none offend, whom 'tis a praise to please :
 Let others flatter to be flatter'd, thou,
 Like just *tribunals*, bend an awful brow.
 How terrible it were to common sense,
 To write a *Satire*, which gave none offence ?
 And, since from *life* I take the draughts you see,
 If men dislike them, do they censure me ?
 The fool, and knave, 'tis glorious to offend,
 And Godlike an attempt the world to mend ;
 The world, where lucky throws to *blockheads* fall,
Knaves know the game, and *honest men* pay all.

How

How hard for real worth to gain its price ?
 A man shall make his fortune in a trice,
 If blest with pliant, though but slender, sense,
 Feign'd modesty, and real impudence :
 A supple knee, smooth tongue, an easy grace,
 A curse within, a smile upon his face ;
 A beauteous sister, or convenient wife,
 Are prizes in the lottery of life ;
Genius and *virtue* they will soon defeat,
 And lodge you in the bosom of the great.
 To *merit*, is but to provide a *pain*.

For men's refusing what you ought to gain.

May, DODINGTON, this maxim fail in you,
 Whom my presaging thoughts already view
 By WALPOLE's conduct fir'd, and friendship grae'd,
 Still higher in your Prince's favour plac'd ;
 And lending, *here*, those awful councils aid,
 Which you, *abroad*, with such success obey'd :
 Bear *this* from one, who holds your friendship dear ;
 What most we wish, with ease we fancy near.

SATIRE

~~~~~

# SATIRE IV.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

Sir SPENCER COMPTON.

R Ound some fair tree th' ambitious *Woodbine*  
 grows,  
 And breathes her sweets on the supporting boughs;  
 So sweet the *verse*, th' ambitious verse, should be,  
 (O! pardon mine) that hopes support from thee;  
 Thee, COMPTON, born o'er senates to preside,  
 Their *dignity* to raise, their *councils* guide;  
 Deep to discern, and widely to survey,  
 And kingdoms fates, without ambition, weigh;  
 Of distant virtues nice extremes to blend,  
 The *Crown's* asserter, and the *People's* friend:  
 Nor dost thou scorn, amid sublimer views,  
 To listen to the labours of the *muse*;  
 Thy smiles *protect* her, while thy talents *fire*,  
 And 'tis but *half* thy glory to *inspire*.  
 Vex'd at a public fame, so justly won,  
 The jealous CHREMES is with spleen undone;  
 CHREMES, for airy pensions of *renown*,  
 Devotes his service to the *State* and *Crown*;  
 All schemes he knows, and, knowing, all improves,  
 Tho' *Britain's* thankless, still *this patriot* loves:

But

But patriots differ ; some may shed their blood,  
 He *drinks* his *coffee* for the public good ;  
 Consults the sacred steam, and there foresees  
 What storms, or sunshine, Providence decrees ;  
 Knows, for each day, the *weather* of our fate ;  
 A *quid nunc* is an *almanack* of State.

You smile, and think *this* statesman void of use ;  
 Why may not time his secret worth produce ?  
 Since *apes* can roast the choice *Castanian Nut*,  
 Since *sheeds* of genius are expert at *Put* ;  
 Since half the Senate *Not content* can say,  
*Geese* nations save, and *puppies* plots betray.

What makes *him* model realms, and counsel kings ?  
 An incapacity for smaller things :  
 Poor CHREMES can't conduct his *own estate*,  
 And thence has undertaken *Europe's* fate.

GEHENNO leaves the realm to CHREMES' skill,  
 And boldly claims a province higher still :  
 To raise a name, th' ambitious boy has got,  
 At once, a *Bible*, and a *shoulder-knot* ;  
 Deep in the secret, he looks through the whole,  
 And pities the dull rogue that *saves his soul* ;  
 To talk with rev'rence you must take good heed,  
 Nor shock his *tender reason* with the Creed :  
 Howe'er well-bred, in public he complies,  
 Obliging friends alone with *blasphemies*.

Peerage is poison, good estates are bad  
 For this disease ; poor rogues run seldom mad.  
 Have not *attainders* brought unhop'd relief,  
 And *falling stocks* quite cur'd an unbelief ?  
 While the sun shines, BLUNT talks with wondrous  
 force ;

But thunder mars *small beer*, and *weak discourse*.

Such



Such useful *instruments* the weather show,  
 Just as their *Mercury* is high or low :  
 Health chiefly keeps an Atheist in the dark ;  
 A fever argues better than a *Clarke* :  
 Let but the logick in his *pulse* decay,  
 The *Grecian* he'll renounce, and learn to pray ;  
 While C — mourns, with an unfeigned zeal,  
 Th' apostate youth, who reason'd *once* so well.

C —, who makes so merry with the Creed,  
 He almost thinks he disbelieves *indeed* ;  
 But only thinks so; to give both their due,  
*Satan*, and *he*, believe, and tremble too.  
 Of some for *glory* such the boundless rage,  
 That they're the blackest *scandal* of their age.

NARCISSUS the *Tartarian club* disclaims ;  
 Nay, a *Free-mason*, with some terror, names ;  
 Omits no duty ; nor can *envy* say,  
 He miss'd, these many years, the *Church*, or *Play* :  
 He makes no noise in *Parliament*, 'tis true ;  
 But pays his *debts*, and *visit*, when 'tis due ;  
 His *character* and *gloves* are ever clean,  
 And then, he can out-bow the *bowing dean* ;  
 A smile eternal on his lip he wears,  
 Which equally the wise and worthless shares.  
 In gay fatigues, this most undaunted chief,  
 Patient of *idleness* beyond belief,  
 Most charitably lends the town his *face*,  
 For ornament, in ev'ry public place ;  
 As sure as *cards*, he to th' *assembly* comes,  
 And is the *furniture* of drawing-rooms :  
 When *Ombre* calls, his hand and heart are free,  
 And, join'd to two, he fails not—to make three :  
 NARCISSUS is the glory of his race ;  
 For who does *nothing* with a better grace ?

To

To deck my list, by nature were design'd  
Such shining *expletives* of human kind,  
Who want, while thro' blank life they dream along,  
*Sense* to be right, and *passion* to be wrong.

To counterpoise this hero of the *mode*,  
Some for renown are *singular* and *odd*;  
What other men dislike, is sure to please,  
Of all mankind, these dear *antipodes*;  
Through pride, not malice, they run counter still,  
And *birth-days* are their days of dressing ill.

ARB—T is a fool, and F — a sage,  
S—LY will fright you, E — engage;  
By nature streams run backward, flame descends,  
Stones mount, and S — x is the worst of friends;  
They take their rest by *day*, and wake by *night*,  
And blush, if you surprize them in the *right*;  
If they by chance blurt out, ere well aware,  
A swan is white, or Q — y is fair.

Nothing exceeds in ridicule, no doubt,  
A fool *in* fashion, but a fool that's *out*,  
His passion for absurdity's so strong,  
He cannot bear a *rival* in the wrong;  
Tho' wrong the *mode*, comply; more sense is shewn  
In wearing *others'* follies, than your *own*.  
If what is out of fashion most you prize,  
Methinks you should endeavour to be wise.  
But what in oddness can be more sublime  
Than S — the foremost *toyman* of his time?  
His nice ambition lies in curious fancies,  
His daughter's portion a rich *shell* inhances,  
And ASHMOLE's baby house, is, in his view,  
*Britannia's* golden mine, a rich *Peru*!  
How his eyes languish! how his thoughts adore  
That painted coat, which JOSEPH *never* wore!

He

He shews, on *holidays*, a sacred pin,  
That touch'd the ruff, that touch'd queen Bess's  
chin.

"Since that great *dearth* our chronicles deplore,  
"Since that great *plague* that swept as many more,  
"Was ever year unblest as *this*?" he'll cry,  
"It has not brought us one new *butterfly*!"  
In times that suffer such learn'd men as *these*,  
Unhappy I——r! how came *you* to please?

Not gaudy butterflies are Lico's game;  
But, in effect, his chace is much the same:  
Warm in pursuit, he *levées* all the great,  
Stanch to the foot of *title* and *estate*:  
Where-e'er their *lordships* go, they never find  
Or Lico, or their *shadows*, lag behind;  
He *sets* them sure, where-e'er their *lordships* run,  
Close at their elbows, as a *morning-dun*;  
As if their grandeur, by contagion, wrought,  
And *fame* was, like a *fever*, to be caught:  
But after seven years dance, from place to place,  
The \* *Dane* is more familiar with his Grace.

Who'd be a *crutch* to prop a rotten peer;  
Or living *pendant* dangling at his ear,  
For ever whisp'ring secrets, which were blown  
For months before, by trumpets, through the town?  
Who'd be a *glass*, with flattering grimace,  
Still to reflect the temper of his face;  
Or happy *pin* to stick upon his sleeve,  
When my lord's gracious, and vouchsafes *it* leave;  
Or *cushion*, when his heaviness shall please  
To loll, or *thump* it, for his better ease;  
Or a vile *butt*, for noon, or night, bespoke,  
When the peer *rashly* swears he'll club his joke?

Who'd

\* A Danish dog of the Duke of Argyle.

Who'd shake with laughter, tho' he could not find  
 His lordship's jest; or, if his nose broke wind,  
 For blessings to the gods profoundly bow,  
 That can cry, *Ghimney sweep*, or drive a *plough*?  
 With terms like these, how mean the tribe that *close*?  
 Scarce meaner they, who terms like these, *impose*.

But what's the tribe most likely to comply?  
 The men of ink, or ancient authors, lye;  
 The writing tribe, who shameless *auctions* hold  
 Of praise, by inch of candle to be sold:  
 All men they flatter, but themselves the most,  
 With deathless fame, their everlasting boast:  
 For fame no cully makes so much her jest,  
 As her old constant spark, the bard profess.  
 "B—LE shines in council, M——r in the fight,  
 "P—L—M's magnificent; but I can write,  
 "And what to my great soul like glory dear?"  
 Till some god whispers in his tingling ear,  
 That *fame's* unwholesome taken without *meat*,  
 And life is best sustain'd by what is *eat*:  
 Grown *lean*, and *wise*, he curses what he writ,  
 And wishes all his wants were in his *wit*.

Ah! what avails it, when his *dinner's* lost,  
 That his triumphant name adorns a *post*?  
 Or that his shining page (provoking fate!)  
 Defends Sirloins, which sons of dulness *eat*?

What foe to verse without compassion hears,  
 What cruel *prose-man* can refrain from tears,  
 When the poor muse, for less than half a crown,  
 A *prostitute* on every bulk in town,  
 With other whores undone, though *not* in print,  
 Clubs *credit* for *Geneva* in the *Mint*?

Ye bards! why will you sing, though uninspir'd?  
 Ye bards! why will you *starve*, to be *admir'd*?

*Defunct*



*Defunct* by PHOEBUS' laws, beyond redress,  
 Why will your *spectres* haunt the frightened press?  
 Bad metre, that *excrecence* of the head,  
 Like *hair*, will sprout, although the poet's *dead*.

All other trades *demand*, verse-makers *beg*;  
 A dedication is a *wooden leg*;  
 A barren *Labeo*, the true *mumper's* fashion,  
 Exposés *borrow'd brats* to move *compassion*.  
 Though such myself, vile bards I discommend;  
 Nay more, though gentle DAMON is my friend.  
 "Is't then a crime to *write*?"—If talent rare  
 Proclaim the god, the crime is to *forbear*;  
 For some, though few, there are large-minded men,  
 Who watch unseen the labours of the pen;  
 Who know the muse's worth, and therefore court,  
 Their deeds her theme, their bounty her support;  
 Who serve, *unask'd*, the *least pretence* to wit;  
 My sole excuse, alas! for having writ.  
 A——LE true wit is studious to restore;  
 And D——T smiles, if PHOEBUS smil'd before;  
 P——KE in years the long-lov'd arts admires,  
 And HENRIETTA like a muse inspires.

But, ah! not *inspiration* can obtain  
 That fame, which poets languish for in vain.  
 How mad their aim, who thirst for glory, strive  
 To grasp, what no man can possess *alive*?  
 Fame's a *reversion* in which men take place  
 (O late reversion!) at their own decease.  
 This truth sagacious LINTOT knows so well,  
 He *starves* his authors, that their works may *sell*.

That *fame* is *wealth*, fantastic poets cry;  
 That *wealth* is *fame*, another clan reply;  
 Who know no guilt, no scandal, but in *rags*;  
 And *fewell* in just proportion to their *bags*.

Nor

Nor only the low-born, deform'd, and old,  
 Think glory nothing but the *beams of gold* ;  
 The first young lord, which in the *Mall* you meet,  
 Shall match the veriest huncks in *Lombard-street*,  
 From rescu'd candles' ends, who rais'd a sum,  
 And starves to join a *penny* to a *plumb*.  
 A *beardless miser* ! 'Tis a guilt unknown  
 To former times, a scandal *all* our own.

Of ardent lovers, the true modern band  
 Will mortgage CELIA to redeem their *land*.  
 For love, young, noble, rich, CASTALIO dies;  
 Name but the fair, love swells into his eyes.  
 Divine MONIMIA, thy fond fears lay down ;  
 No rival can prevail,—but *half a crown*.

He glories to late times to be convey'd,  
 Not for the poor he has *reliev'd*, but *made* :  
 Not such ambition his great fathers fir'd,  
 When HARRY conquer'd, and half *France* expir'd :  
 He'd be a slave, a pimp, a dog, for gain :  
 Nay, a *dull sheriff* for his *golden chain*.

“ Who'd be a slave ? ” the gallant Colonel cries,  
 While love of glory sparkles from his eyes :  
 To deathless fame he loudly pleads his right,—  
*Just* is his title,—for he will not *fight* :  
 All soldiers *valour*, all divines have *grace*,  
 As maids of honour *beauty*,—by their *place* :  
 But, when indulging on the last campaign,  
 His lofty terms climb o'er the hills of slain ;  
 He gives the foes he slew, at each vain word,  
 A sweet *revenge*, and *half absolves* his sword.

Of *boasting* more than of a *bomb* afraid,  
 A soldier should be modest as a *maid* :  
 Fame is a bubble the reserv'd enjoy ;  
 Who strive to grasp it, as they *touch*, *destroy* :

'Tis

'Tis the world's debt to deeds of high degree ;  
But if you pay yourself, the world is free.

Were there no tongue to speak them but his own,  
AUGUSTUS' deeds in arms had ne'er been known.  
AUGUSTUS' deeds ! if that ambiguous name  
Confounds my reader, and misguides his aim,  
Such is the Prince's worth, of whom I speak ;  
The ROMAN would not blush at the mistake.





# SATIRE V.

ON

W O M E N.

*O fairest of creation ! last and best  
Of all God's works ! Creature in whom excell'd  
Whatever can to sight, or thought, be form'd  
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet !  
How art thou lost ! — — —*

MILTON.

**N**OR reigns *ambition* in bold *man* alone ;  
Soft *female* hearts the rude invader own :  
But *there*, indeed, it deals in nicer things,  
Than routing *armies*, and dethroning *kings* :  
Attend, and you discern it, in the fair,  
Conduct a *finger*, or reclaim a *hair* ;  
Or roll the lucid orbit of an *eye* ;  
Or, in full joy, elaborate a *figh*.

The sex we honour, though their faults we blame ;  
Nay, thank their faults for such a *fruitful* theme :  
A theme, fair — — ! doubly kind to me,  
Since satyrizing *those* is praising *thee* ;

Who



Who would't not bear, too modestly refin'd,  
A panegyric of a grosser kind.

BRITANNIA's daughters, much more *fair* than *nice*,  
Too fond of admiration, lose their price ;  
Worn in the public eye, give cheap delight  
To throngs, and tarnish to the sated sight :  
As unreserv'd, and beauteous, as the sun,  
Through every *sign* of vanity they run ;  
*Assemblies, Parks, coarse feasts in City-halls,*  
*Lectures, and Trials, Plays, Committees, Balls,*  
*Wells, Bedlams, Executions, Smithfield scenes,*  
*And Fortune-tellers Caves, and Lions' Dens,*  
*Taverns, Exchanges, Bridewells, Drawing-rooms,*  
*Installments, Pillories, Coronations, Tombs,*  
*Tumblers, and Funerals, Puppet-shows, Reviews,*  
*Sales, Races, Rabbits, (and still stranger !) Pews.*

CLARINDA's bosom burns, but burns for *Fame* ;  
And Love lies vanquish'd in a *nobler* flame ;  
Warm gleams of hope she, *now*, dispenses ; *then*,  
Like *April* suns, dives into clouds agen :  
With all her lustre, *now*, her lover warms ;  
*Then*, out of *ostentation*, hides her charms.  
'Tis, next, her pleasure sweetly to complain,  
And to be taken with a sudden pain ;  
Then, she starts up, all extasy and bliss,  
And is, sweet soul ! just as sincere in this :  
O how she rolls her charming eyes in *spight* !  
And looks delightfully with all her might !  
But, like *our* heroes, much more brave than wife,  
She conquers for the *triumph*, not the *prize*.

ZARA resembles *Ætna* crown'd with snows :  
Without she freezes, and within she glows :  
Twice ere the sun descends, with zeal inspir'd,  
From the vain converse of the world retir'd,

She reads the *psalms* and *chapters* for the day,  
 In — CLEOPATRA, or the last new play.  
 Thus gloomy ZARA, with a solemn grace,  
 Deceives mankind, and *hides* behind her face.

Nor far beneath her in *renown*, is she,  
 Who, through good-breeding, is ill company;  
 Whose *manners* will not let her larum cease,  
 Who thinks you are *unhappy*, when *at peace*;  
 To find you *news*, who racks her subtle head,  
 And vows — *that her great-grandfather is dead*.

A dearth of words a *woman* need not fear;  
 But 'tis a task indeed to learn — *to hear*;  
 In that the skill of conversation lies;  
 That *shews*, or *makes*, you both polite and wise.

XANTIPPE cries, "Let nymphs, who nought can  
 say,

"Be lost in silence, and resign the day;  
 "And let the guilty wife her guilt confess,  
 "By tame behaviour, and a soft address;"  
 Through *virtue*, *she* refuses to comply  
 With all the dictates of *humanity*;  
 Through wisdom, *she* refuses to submit  
 To wisdom's rules, and *raves* to prove her *wit*;  
 Then, her unblemish'd honour to maintain,  
 Rejects her husband's kindness with disdain:  
 But if, by chance, an ill-adapted word  
 Drops from the lip of her unwary lord,  
 Her darling china, in a whirlwind sent,  
 Just *intimates* the lady's discontent.

Wine may indeed excite the meekest dame;  
 But keen XANTIPPE, scorning *borrow'd* flame,  
 Can vent her thunders, and her lightnings play,  
 O'er cooling *gruel*, and composing *tea* :

Nor

Nor rests by night, but, more fineere than nice,  
 She *shakes* the curtains with her *kind* advice :  
 Doubly, like echo, *sound* is her delight,  
 And the *last word* is her eternal right.

Is't not enough plagues, wars, and famines rise  
 To lash our crimes, but must our wives be *wise* ?

Famine, plague, war, and an unnumber'd throng  
 Of guilt-avenging ills, to man belong :

What *black*, what *ceaseless* cares besiege our state !

What strokes we feel from *fancy*, and from *fate* ?

If fate forbears us, fancy strikes the blow ;

We *make* misfortune ; *suicides* in woe.

Superfluous aid ! unnecessary skill !

Is *nature* backward to torment, or kill ?

How oft the *noon*, how oft the *midnight*, bell,

(That iron tongue of death !) with solemn knell,

On *folly's* errands, as we vainly roam,

Knocks at our hearts, and finds our thoughts from  
 home ?

Men drop so fast, ere life's mid stage we tread,

Few know so many friends *alive*, as *dead*.

Yet, as *immortal*, in our up-hill chace

We press coy fortune with unslacken'd pace ;

Our ardent labours for the *toys* we seek,

Join night to day, and *Sunday* to the week :

Our very joys are anxious, and expire

Between *satiety* and *fierce desire*.

Now what reward for all this grief and toil ?

But *one* ; a female friend's endearing smile ;

A tender smile, our sorrows' only balm,

And, in life's tempest, the sad sailor's calm.

How have I seen a gentle nymph draw nigh,  
 Peace in her air, persuasion in her eye ;

Victorious tenderness! it all o'ercame,  
*Husbands* look'd mild, and *savages* grew tame.  
 The *Sylvan* race our active nymphs pursue;  
 Man is not all the game they have in view:  
 In woods and fields their glory they complete;  
 'There *Master* BETTY leaps a five-barr'd gate;  
 While fair *Miss* CHARLES to toilets is confin'd,  
 Nor rashly tempts the barb'rous fun and wind.  
 Some nymphs affect a more heroic breed,  
 And volt from *hunters* to the *manag'd steed*;  
 Command his prancings with a martial air,  
 And FObERT has the forming of the *Fair*.

More than *one* steed must DELIA's empire feel,  
 Who sits triumphant o'er the flying *wheel*;  
 And as she guides it through th' admiring throng  
 With what an air she smacks the *filken* thong?  
 Graceful as JOHN, she moderates the reins,  
 And whistles sweet her *diuretic* strains:  
 SESOSTRIS like, such charioteers as *these*  
 May drive six harness'd *monarchs*, if they please:  
 They *drive, row, run*, with love of glory smit,  
*Leap, swim, shoot flying*, and pronounce on *wit*.

O'er the *Belle-lettre* lovely DAPHNE reigns;  
 Again the god APOLLO wears his chains:  
 With legs tofs'd high, on her sophee she sits,  
 Vouchsafing audience to contending wits:  
 Of each performance she's the final test;  
 One act read o'er, she prophesies the rest;  
 And then, pronouncing with decisive air,  
 Fully convinces all the town—*she's fair*.  
 Had lovely DAPHNE HECATESSA's face,  
 How would her elegance of taste decrease?  
 Some ladies *judgment* in their *features* lies,  
 And all their *genius* sparkles from their *eyes*.

But



But hold, she cries, lampooner ! have a care ;  
Must I want common sense, because I'm fair !  
O no : see STELLA ; her eyes shine as bright,  
As if her tongue was never in the right ;  
And yet what real learning, judgment, fire !  
She seems inspir'd, and can herself inspire :  
How then (if malice rul'd not all the fair)  
Could DAPHNE publish, and could she forbear !  
We grant that beauty is no bar to *sense*,  
Nor is't a sanction for *impertinence*.

SEMPRONIA lik'd her man ; and well she might ;  
The youth in person, and in parts, was bright ;  
Possess'd of ev'ry virtue, grace, and art,  
That claims just empire o'er the female heart :  
He met her passion, all her sighs return'd,  
And, in full rage of youthful ardour, burn'd :  
Large his possessions, and beyond her own ;  
Their bliss the theme, and envy of the town :  
The day was fix'd, when, with one acre more,  
In stepp'd deform'd, debauch'd, diseas'd, *threescore*.  
The fatal sequel I, through shame, forbear :  
*Of pride, and av'rice*, who can cure the fair ?

Man's rich with little, were his judgment true ;  
Nature is frugal, and her wants are few :  
Those few wants answer'd, bring sincere delights ;  
But fools create themselves new appetites :  
Fancy, and pride, seek things at vast expence,  
Which relish not to *reason*, nor to *sense*.  
When *surfeit*, or *unthankfulness*, destroys,  
In *nature's* narrow sphere, our solid joys,  
In *fancy's* airy land of noise and show,  
Where nought but dreams, no real pleasures, grow ;  
*Like cats in air-pumps*, to subsist we strive  
On joys too thin to keep the soul alive.

LEMIRA's sick ; make haste ; the doctor call :  
 He comes ; but where's his patient ? At the ball.  
 'The doctor stares ; her woman curtsies low,  
 And cries, " My Lady, Sir, is always so :  
 " Diversions put her maladies to flight ;  
 " True, she can't *stand*, but she can *dance* all night :  
 " I've known my Lady (for she loves a tune)  
 " For *fevers* take an opera in *June* :  
 " And, tho' perhaps you'll think the practice bold,  
 " A midnight Park is sov'reign for a *cold* :  
 " With *cholics*, breakfasts of green fruit agree ;  
 " With *indigestions*, supper just at three."  
 A strange alternative, replies Sir *Hans*,  
 Must women have a *doctor*, or a *dance* ?  
 Though sick to death, *abroad* they safely roam,  
 But droop and die, in perfect health, *at home* :  
 For want—but not of health, are ladies ill ;  
 And *tickets* cure beyond the *doctor's bill*.

Alas, my heart ! how languishingly fair  
 Yon lady lolls ? With what a tender air ?  
 Pale as a young dramatic author, when,  
 O'er darling lines, fell CIBBER waves his pen.  
 Is her lord angry, or has \* *Veny* chid ?  
 Dead is her father, or the mask forbid ?  
 " Late sitting up has turn'd her roses white."  
 Why went she not to bed ? " Because 'twas *night*."  
 Did she then dance, or play ? " Nor this, nor that."  
 Well night soon steals away in pleasing chat.  
 " No, all alone, her *pray'rs* she rather chose ;  
 " Than be that *wretch* to sleep till morning rose."  
 Then Lady CYNTHIA, mistress of the shade,  
 Goes, with the *fashionable* owls, to bed :

\* Lap-dog.

This her *pride* covets, this her *health* denies ;  
Her soul is silly, but her body's wife.

Others, with curious arts, dim charms revive,  
And triumph in the bloom of *fifty-five*.

You, in the morning, a *fair* nymph invite ;  
To keep her word, a *brown* one comes at night :  
Next day she shines in glossy *black* ; and then  
Revolves into her native *red* again :

Like a dove's neck, she shifts her transient charms,  
And is her own dear rival in your arms.

But *one* admirer has the painted lass ;  
Nor finds that one, but in her looking-glass :  
Yet LAURA's beautiful to such excess,  
That all her *art* scarce makes her please us *less*.  
To deck the female cheek, HE only knows,  
Who paints less fair the *lily* and the *rose*.

How gay *they* smile ! Such blessings *nature* pours,  
O'erstock'd mankind enjoy but half her stores :  
In distant wilds, by human eyes unseen,  
She rears her flow'rs, and spreads her velvet green :  
Pure gurgling rills the lonely desert trace,  
And *waste* their music on the savage race.  
Is *nature* then a niggard of her bliss ?

Repine we *guiltless* in a world like this ?  
But our lewd tastes her lawful charms refuse,  
And painted *art*'s deprav'd allurements chuse.  
Such FULVIA's passion for the town ; fresh air  
(An odd effect !) gives vapours to the fair ;  
Green fields, and shady groves, and chrystal springs,  
And larks, and nightingales are odious things ;  
But smoke, and dust, and noise, and crowds, de-  
light ;

And to be press'd to death, transports her quite :

Where silver riv'lets play through flow'ry meads,  
 And *woodbines* give their sweets, and *limes* their shades,  
 Black kennels absent *odours* she regrets,  
 And stops her nose at beds of violets.

Is stormy life preferr'd to the serene?  
 Or is the public to the private scene?  
*Retir'd*, we tread a smooth and open way;  
 Thro' briars and brambles in the *world* we stray;  
*Stiff* opposition, and *perplex'd* debate,  
 And *thorny* care, and rank and *stinging* hate,  
 Which choak our passage, our career controul,  
 And wound the firmest temper of our soul.†  
 O sacred solitude! divine retreat!  
 Choice of the Prudent! envy of the Great!  
 By thy pure stream, or in thy waving shade,  
 We court fair wisdom, that celestial maid:  
 The genuine offspring of her lov'd embrace,  
 (Strangers on earth!) are *innocence* and *peace*:  
*There*, from the ways of men laid safe ashore,  
 We smile to hear the distant tempest roar;  
*There*, blest'd with health, with business unperplex'd,  
*This* life we relish, and ensure the *next*;  
*There* too the *Muses* sport; these numbers free,  
*Pierian* EASTBURY! I owe to thee.

There sport the *Muses*; but not there alone:  
 Their sacred force AMELIA feels in town.  
 Nought but a genius can a genius fit;  
 A wit herself, AMELIA weds a wit:  
 Both wits! though miracles are said to cease,  
 Three days, three wond'rous days! they liv'd in  
                   peace;  
 With the fourth sun a warm dispute arose,  
 On DURFEY's poesy, and BUNYAN's prose:

The



The learned war both wage with equal force,  
And the fifth morn concluded the divorce.

PHOEBE, though she possesses nothing less,  
Is proud of being rich in happiness:  
Laboriously pursues delusive toys,  
Content with pains, since they're reputed joys.  
With what well-acted transport will she say,  
"Well, sure, we were so happy *yesterday*!  
"And then that charming party for *to-morrow*!"  
Though, well she knows, 'twill languish into sorrow:

But she dares never boast the *present* hour;  
So gross that cheat, it is beyond her power:  
For such is our weakness, or our curse,  
Or rather such our crime, which still is worse,  
The present moment, like a wife, we shun,  
And ne'er enjoy, because it is *our own*.

Pleasures are few, and fewer we enjoy;  
Pleasure, like *quicksilver*, is *bright*, and *coy*;  
We strive to grasp it with our utmost skill,  
Still it eludes us, and it glitters still:  
If seiz'd at last, compute your mighty gains;  
What is it, but rank poison in your veins?

As FLAVIA in her glass an angel spies,  
*Pride* whispers in her ear pernicious lies;  
Tells her, while she surveys a face so fine,  
There's no satiety of charms divine:  
Hence, if her lover yawns, all chang'd appears  
Her temper, and she melts (sweet soul!) in tears:  
She, fond and young, last week, her wish enjoy'd,  
In soft amusement all the night employ'd;  
The morning came, when STREPHON, waking, found  
(Surprising sight!) his bride in sorrow drown'd.

"What miracle, says STREPHON, makes thee weep?  
 "Ah, barb'rous man," she cries, "how could you  
 "——sleep?"

Men love a *mistress*, as they love a *feast*;  
 How grateful one to *touch*, and one to *taste*?  
 Yet sure there is a certain time of day,  
 We wish our mistress, and our meat, away:  
 But soon the fated appetites return,  
 Again our stomachs crave, our bosoms burn:  
*Eternal Love* let man, then, never swear;  
 Let women never *triumph*, nor despair;  
 Nor praise, nor blame, too much, the warm, or chill;  
 Hunger and Love are foreign to the *will*.

There is indeed a passion more refin'd,  
 For those few nymphs whose charms are of the  
 mind:

But not of that unfashionable set  
 Is PHYLLIS; PHYLLIS and her DAMON met.  
*Eternal Love* exactly hits her taste;  
 PHYLLIS demands eternal love at *least*.  
 Embracing PHYLLIS with soft smiling eyes,  
*Eternal Love* I vow, the swain replies:  
 But say, my *All*, my *Mistress*, and my *Friend*!  
 What day next week th' Eternity shall *end*?

Some nymphs prefer *astronomy* to love;  
 Elope from mortal man, and range above.  
 The fair philosopher to ROWLEY flies,  
 Where, in a *box*, the whole creation lies:  
 She sees the planets in their turns advance,  
 And scorns, POITIER, thy sublunary dance:  
 Of DESAGULIER she bespeaks fresh air;  
 And WHISTON has *engagements* with the fair.  
 What vain experiments SOPHRONIA tries!  
 'Tis not in air-pumps the gay colonel dies.

But

But though to-day this rage of science reigns,  
(O fickle sex!) soon end her learned pains.  
Lo! PUG from JUPITER her heart has got,  
Turns out the stars, and NEWTON is a sot.

To ——— turn; she never took the height  
Of SATURN, yet is ever in the right.  
She strikes each point with native force of mind,  
While puzzled learning blunders far behind,  
Graceful to fight, and elegant to thought,  
The *great* are vanquish'd, and the *wise* are taught.  
Her breeding finish'd, and her temper sweet,  
When serious, easy; and when gay, discreet;  
Inglitt'ring scenes, o'er her own heart, sincere;  
In crowds, collected; and in courts, severe;  
Sincere, and warm, with zeal well understood,  
She takes a noble pride in doing good;  
Yet not superior to her sex's cares,  
The mode she fixes by the gown she wears;  
Of *silks* and *china* she's the last appeal;  
In these great points she *leads* the commonweal;  
And if disputes of *empire* rise between  
*Mechlin* the queen of lace, and *Colberteen*,  
'Tis doubt! 'tis darkness! till suspended fate  
Assumes *her* nod, to close the grand debate.  
When such her mind, why will the fair express  
Their emulation only in their *dress*?

But, oh! the nymph that mounts above the *skies*,  
And, *gratis*, clears religious mysteries,  
Resolv'd the *church's* welfare to ensure,  
And make her family a *sine-cure*:  
The theme divine at *cards* she'll not forget,  
But *takes* in texts of Scripture at *picquet*;  
In those licentious meetings acts the prude,  
And thanks her *Maker* that her *cards* are good.

What angels would those be, who thus excel  
 In theologies, could they *sew* as well !  
 Yet why should not the fair her text pursue ?  
 Can she more decently the doctor woo ?  
 'Tis hard, too, she who makes no use but *chat*  
 Of her religion, should be barr'd in that.

ISAAC, a brother of the canting strain,  
 When he has knock'd at his own skull in vain,  
 To beauteous MARCIA often will repair  
 With a dark text, to light it at the *fair*.  
 O how his pious soul exults to find  
 Such love for *holy* men in woman-kind !  
 Charm'd with her learning, with what rapture he  
 Hangs on her *bloom*, like an industrious *bee* ;  
*Hums* round about her, and with all his power  
*Extracts* sweet wisdom from so fair a *flower* ?

The *young* and *gay* declining, APPIA flies  
 At nobler game, the *mighty* and the *wise* :  
 By nature more an *eagle* than a *dove*,  
 She impiously prefers the *world* to *love*.

Can wealth give happiness ? look round, and see  
 What gay distress ! what splendid misery !  
 Whatever fortune lavishly can pour,  
 The mind annihilates, and calls for more.  
 Wealth is a cheat ; believe not what it says ;  
 Like any lord it *promises*—and *pays*.  
 How will the miser startle, to be told  
 Of such a wonder, as *insolvent* gold ?  
 What nature *wants* has an intrinsic weight ;  
 All *more*, is but the fashion of the plate,  
 Which, for one moment, charms the fickle view ;  
 It charms us *now* ; anon we cast anew ;  
 To some fresh birth of *fancy* more inclin'd :  
 Then wed not acres, but a noble mind.

Mistaken



Mistaken lovers, who make worth their care,  
 And think accomplishments will win the fair :  
 The *fair*, 'tis true, by *genius* should be won,  
 As *flow'rs* unfold their beauties to the *sun* ;  
 And yet in female scales a fop out-weighs,  
 And wit must wear the *willow* and the *bays*.  
 Nought shines so bright in *LIBERIA*'s eye  
 As riot, impudence, and perfidy :  
 The youth of fire, that has drunk deep, and play'd,  
 And kill'd his man, and triumph'd o'er his maid ;  
 For him, as yet unhang'd, she spreads her charms,  
 Snatches the dear destroyer to her arms ;  
 And amply gives (though treated long amiss)  
 The *man of merit* his rev'enge in *this*.  
 If you resent, and wish a *woman* ill,  
 But turn her o'er one moment to her *will*.

The *languid* lady next appears in state,  
 Who was not born to carry her own weight ;  
 She lolls, reels, staggers, till some foreign aid  
 To her own stature lifts the feeble maid.  
 Then, if ordain'd to so *severe* a doom,  
 She, by just stages, *journeys* round the room :  
 But, knowing her own weakness, she despairs  
 To scale the *Alps* — that is, ascend the *stairs*.  
 My fan ! let others say, who laugh at toil ;  
 Fan ! hood ! glove ! scarf ! is her *laconic* stile ;  
 And that is spoke with such a dying fall,  
 That *Betty* rather *sees*, than *bears* the call :  
 The motion of her lips, and meaning eye,  
 Piece out th' idea her faint words deny.  
 O listen with attention most profound !  
 Her voice is but the shadow of a sound.  
 And help ! oh help ! her spirits are so dead,  
 One hand scarce lifts the other to her head.

If,

If, there, a stubborn pin it triumphs o'er;  
 She pants! she sinks away! and is no more.  
 Let the robust, and the gigantic *carve*,  
 Life is not worth so much, she'd rather *starve*:  
 But chew she must herself; ah cruel fate!  
 That ROSALINDA can't by *proxy* eat.

An *antidote* in female caprice lies  
 (Kind heav'n!) against the *poison* of their eyes.

THALESTRIS triumphs in a manly mien;  
 Loud is her accent, and her phrase obscene.  
 In flur and open dealing where's the shame?  
 What nature dares to *give*, she dares to *name*.  
 This *honest fellow* is sincere and plain,  
 And justly gives the jealous husband pain.  
 (Vain is the talk to petticoats assign'd,  
 If wanton language shews a *naked* mind.)  
 And now and then, to grace her eloquence,  
 An oath supplies the vacancies of sense  
 Hark! the shrill notes transpierce the yielding air,  
 And teach the neighb'ring echoes how to swear.  
 By Jove, is faint, and for the simple swain;  
 She, on the Christian System, is profane.  
 But though the volley rattles in your ear,  
 Believe her *dress*, she's not a grenadier.  
 If thunder's awful, how much more our dread,  
 When Jove deutes a lady in his stead?  
 A lady! pardon my mistaken pen,  
 A shameless woman is the worst of *men*.

Few to good breeding make a just pretence;  
 Good-breeding is the blossom of good-sense;  
 The last result of an accomplish'd mind,  
 With outward grace, the *body's virtue*, join'd.  
 A violated decency now reigns;  
 And nymphs for *failings* take peculiar pains.

With

With *Chinese* painters modern *toasts* agree,  
The point they aim at is *deformity* :  
They *throw* their persons with a hoyden air  
Across the room, and *tofs* into the chair.  
So far their commerce with mankind is gone,  
They, for our manners, have exchang'd their own.  
The modest look, the castigated grace,  
The gentle movement, and slow-measur'd pace,  
For which her lovers *dy'd*, her parents *pray'd*,  
Are indecorums with the *modern* maid.  
Stiff forms are bad ; but let not worse intrude,  
Nor conquer *art* and *nature* to be rude.  
*Modern* good-breeding carry to its height,  
And lady *D* — —'s self will be polite.

Ye rising fair ! ye bloom of *Britain's* isle !  
When high-born ANNA, with a soften'd smile,  
Leads on your train, and sparkles at your head,  
What seems most hard, is, not to be well-bred.  
Her bright example with success pursue,  
And all, but adoration, is your due.

But adoration ! give me something *more*,  
Cries LYCE, on the borders of *threescore* :  
Nought treads so silent as the foot of *time* ;  
Hence we mistake our autumn for our prime ;  
'Tis greatly wise to know, before we're told,  
The melancholy news, that we *grow old*.  
Autumnal LYCE carries in her face  
*Memento mori* to each public place.  
O how your beating breast a mistress warms,  
Who looks through spectacles to see your charms ?  
While rival *undertakers* hover round,  
And with his spade the *sexton* marks the ground,  
Intent not on her own, but others' doom,  
She plans new conquests, and *defrauds* the tomb.

In

In vain the cock has summon'd *sprites* away,  
 She walks at noon, and blasts the bloom of day.  
 Gay rainbow silks her mellow charms infold,  
 And nought of LYCE but *herself* is old.  
 Her grizzled locks assume a *smirking* grace,  
 And art has *levell'd* her deep-furrow'd face.  
 Her strange demand no mortal can approve,  
 We'll ask her *blessing*, but can't ask her *love*.  
 She grants, indeed, a lady *may* decline  
 (All ladies *but* herself) at *ninety-nine*.

O how unlike her is the sacred age  
 Of prudent PORTIA? Her grey hairs *engage* ;  
 Whose thoughts are suited to her life's decline :  
*Virtue's* the paint that can with *wrinkles* shine.  
 That, and that *only*, can old age sustain ;  
 Which yet all wish, nor know they wish for *pain*.  
 Not num'rous are our joys, when life is new ;  
 And yearly some are falling of the *few* ;  
 But when we conquer life's meridian stage,  
 And downward tend into the vale of age,  
 They drop *apace* ; by *nature* some decay,  
 And some the blasts of *fortune* sweep away ;  
 Till naked quite of happiness, aloud  
 We call for death, and *shelter* in a shroud.

Where's PORTIA now?—But PORTIA left behind  
 Two lovely copies of her form and mind.  
 What heart untouch'd their *early* grief can view,  
 Like blushing rose-buds dipp'd in *morning* dew ?  
 Who into shelter takes their tender bloom,  
 And forms their minds to flee from ills to come ?  
 The mind, when turn'd adrift, no rules to guide,  
 Drives at the mercy of the wind and tide ;  
*Fancy* and *passion* tofs it to and fro ;  
 A while torment, and then quite *sink* in woe.



Ye beauteous orphans, since in silent dust  
 Your best *example* lies, my *precepts* trust.  
 Life swarms with ills ; the *boldest* are afraid ;  
 Where then is safety for a *tender maid* ?  
 Unfit for conflict, round beset with woes,  
 And *man*, whom least she fears, her worst of foes !  
 When kind, most cruel ; when oblig'd the most,  
 The least obliging ; and by favours lost.  
 Cruel by nature, they for kindness hate ;  
 And scorn you for those ills *themselves* create.  
 If on your fame *our* sex a blot has thrown,  
 'Twill ever stick, through malice of your *own*.  
 Most hard ! in pleasing your chief *glory* lies ;  
 And yet from pleasing your chief *dangers* rise :  
 Then please the *Best* ; and know, for men of sense,  
 Your strongest charms are native innocence.  
*Art* on the mind, like *paint* upon the face,  
 Fright him, that's worth your love, from your em-  
 brace.

In *simple* manners all the secret lies ;  
 Be kind and virtuous, you'll be blest and wise.  
 Vain *shew* and *noise* intoxicate the brain,  
 Begin with *giddiness*, and end in *pain*.  
 Affect not *empty* fame, and *idle* praise,  
 Which, all those wretches I describe, betrays.  
 Your sex's glory 'tis, to shine *unknown* ;  
 Of all applause, be fondest of *your own*.  
 Beware the fever of the *mind* ! that thirst  
 With which the age is eminently curst :  
 To drink of *pleasure*, but inflames desire ;  
 And abstinence alone can quench the fire ;  
 Take *pain* from life, and *terror* from the tomb ;  
 Give peace *in hand* ; and promise bliss *to come*.



# SATIRE VI.

ON

W O M E N.

INSCRIBED TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE

Lady ELIZABETH GERMAIN.

---

*Interdum tamen & tollit comædia vocem.*

---

HOR.

**I** Sought a patroness, but sought in vain.  
 APOLLO whisper'd in my ear—"GERMAIN."—  
 I know her not.—"Your reason's somewhat odd;  
 "Who knows his patron, now?" reply'd the god.  
 "Men write, to *me*, and to the *world*, unknown;  
 "Then steal great names, to shield them from the  
     "town.  
 "Detected *worth*, like *beauty* disarray'd,  
 "To covert flies, of *praise* itself afraid:  
 "Should *she* refuse to patronize your lays,  
 "In vengeance write a volume in *her praise*.  
 "Nor think it hard so great a length to run;  
 "When such the theme, 'twill easily be done."

Ye

Ye fair! to draw your excellence at length,  
Exceeds the narrow bounds of human strength;  
You, *here*, in miniature your picture see;  
Nor hope from ZINCKS more justice than from me.  
My portraits grace your *mind*, as his your *side*;  
His portraits will *inflame*, mine *quench*, your pride:  
He's *dear*, you *frugal*; choose my *cheaper* lay;  
And be your *reformation* all my *pay*.

LAVINIA is *polite*, but not *prophane*;  
To *Church* as constant as to *Drury-lane*.  
She decently, *in form*, pays heav'n its due;  
And makes a civil visit to her pew.  
Her lifted fan, to give a solemn air,  
Conceals her face, which *passes* for a *prayer*:  
Curtseys to curtsies, then, with grace, succeed;  
Not one the fair omits, but at the *Creed*.  
Or if she joins the Service, 'tis to *speak*;  
Through dreadful *silence* the pent heart might break;  
Untaught to bear it, women *talk away*  
To God himself, and fondly think they *pray*.  
But *sweet* their accent, and their air *refin'd*;  
For they're before their Maker—and *mankind*:  
When ladies once are proud of praying well,  
SATAN himself will toll the parish-bell.

Acquainted with the world, and quite well-bred,  
DRUSA receives her visitants in bed;  
But, chaste as ice, this *Vesta*, to defy  
The very blackest tongue of calumny,  
When from the sheets per lovely form she lifts,  
She begs you *just* wou'd *turn you*, while she *shifts*.

Those charms are greatest which decline the fight,  
That makes the banquet poignant and polite.  
There is no *woman*, where there's no *reserve*;  
And 'tis on *plenty* your poor lovers *starve*.

But

But with a modern fair, meridian merit  
 Is a fierce thing, they call a *nymph of spirit*.  
 Mark well the rollings of her flaming eye;  
 And tread on tiptoe, if you dare draw nigh.  
 "Or if you take a lion by the beard \*,"  
 "Or dare defy the fell *Hyrcanian* pard,  
 "Or arm'd rhinoceros, or rough *Russian* bear,"  
 First *make your will*, and then *converse* with her.  
 This lady glories in profuse expence;  
 And thinks *distraction* is *magnificence*.  
 To beggar her gallant, is *some* delight;  
 To be more fatal still, is *exquisite*;  
 Had ever nymph such reason to be glad?  
 In *duel* fell two lovers; one run *mad*.  
 Her *foes* their honest execrations pour;  
 Her *lovers* only should *detest* her more.

FLAVIA is constant to her old gallant,  
 And generously supports him in his want.  
 But marriage is a fether, is a snare,  
 A hell, no lady so polite can bear,  
 She's faithful, she's observant, and with pains  
 Her angel-brood of *bastards* she maintains.  
 Nor least advantage has the fair to plead,  
 But that of *guilt*, above the *marriage-bed*.

AMASIA hates a prude, and scorns restraint;  
 Whate'er she *is*, she'll not *appear* a saint:  
 Her soul superior flies formality;  
 So gay her air, her conduct is so free,  
 Some might suspect the nymph not *over-good*—  
 Nor would they be mistaken, if they should.

Unmarried ABRA puts on formal airs;  
 Her cushion's thread-bare with her constant prayers.  
 Her only grief is, that she cannot be  
 At once engag'd in *prayer* and *charity*.

\* SHAKESPEARE.

And



And *this*, to do her justice, must be said,  
 “ *Who would not think that ABRA was a maid ?* ”

Some ladies are too beauteous to be wed ;  
 For where’s the man that’s worthy of their bed ?  
 If no disease reduce her pride before,  
 LAVINIA will be ravish’d at threescore.  
 Then she submits to venture in the dark ;  
 And nothing now is wanting—but her spark.

LUCIA thinks happiness consists in state ;  
 She weds an *idiot*, but she eats in *plate*.

The goods of fortune, which her soul possess,  
 Are but the *ground* of *unmade* happiness ;  
 The rude *material* : *wisdom* add to *this*,  
*Wisdom*, the sole *artificer* of bliss ;  
 She from herself, if so compell’d by need,  
 Of *thin content* can draw the subtle thread ;  
 But (no detraction to her sacred skill)  
 If she can work in *gold*, ’tis better still.

If TULLIA had been blest with *half* her sense,  
 None could too much admire her excellence :  
 But since she can make *error* shine so bright,  
 She thinks it *vulgar* to defend the *right*.  
 With understanding she is quite o’er-run ;  
 And by too great accomplishments undone :  
 With skill she vibrates her eternal tongue,  
 For ever most *divinely* in the *wrong*.

Naked in nothing should a woman be ;  
 But veil her very *wit* with *modesty* :  
 Let man *discover*, let her not *display*,  
 But yield her *charms of mind* with sweet delay.

For pleasure form’d, perversely some believe,  
 To make themselves *important*, men must *grieve*.  
 LESBIA the fair, to fire her jealous lord,  
 Pretends, the fop she laughs at, is ador’d.

In vain she's *proud* of secret innocence;  
The fact she feigns were scarce a worse offence.

MIRA, endow'd with every charm to bless,  
Has no design, but on her husband's *peace* :  
He lov'd her much ; and greatly was he mov'd  
At small inquietudes in her he lov'd.  
" *How charming this !*" — The pleasure lasted long ;  
Now every day the fits come thick and strong :  
At last he found the charmer only *feign'd* ;  
And was diverted when he *should* be pain'd.  
What greater vengeance have the gods in store ?  
How tedious life, now she can *plague* no more ?  
She tries a thousand arts ; but none succeed :  
She's forc'd a fever to procure *indeed* :  
Thus strictly prov'd this virtuous, loving *wife*,  
Her husband's *pain* was dearer than her *life*.

ANXIOUS MELANIA rises to my view,  
Who never thinks her lover pays his due :  
Visit, present, treat, flatter, and adore ;  
Her majesty, to-morrow, calls for *more*.  
His wounded ears complaints eternal fill,  
As unoil'd hinges, querulously shrill.  
" You went last night with CELIA to the ball."  
You prove it false. " Not go ! that's worst of all."  
Nothing can please her, nothing not inflame ;  
And arrant *contradictions* are the *same*.  
Her lover must be *sad*, to please her spleen ;  
His *mirth* is an inextinguishable sin :  
For of all *rivals* that can pain her breast,  
There's *one*, that wounds far deeper than the rest ;  
To wreck her quiet, the most dreadful self  
Is if her lover dares enjoy himself.

And this, because she's exquisitely fair :  
Should I dispute her beauty, how she'd stare ?

How

How would MELANIA be surpriz'd to hear  
 She's quite deform'd? And yet the case is clear;  
 What's female beauty, but an air divine,  
 Through which the mind's all-gentle graces shine?  
 They, like the sun, irradiate all between;  
 The body *charms* because the soul is *seen*.  
 Hence, men are often captives of a face,  
 They know not why, of no peculiar grace:  
 Some forms, though bright, no mortal man can *bear*;  
 Some, none *resist*, though not exceeding fair.

ASPASIA's highly born, and nicely bred,  
 Of taste refin'd, in life and manners read;  
 Yet reaps no fruit from her superior sense,  
 But to be *teaz'd* by her own excellence.  
 "Folks are so aukward! Things so unpolite!"  
 She's *elegantly* pain'd from morn till night.  
 Her delicacy's thock'd where-e'er she goes;  
 Each *creature's imperfections* are her *woes*.

Heav'n by its favour has the fair distressed,  
 And pour'd such blessings—that she *can't* be blest.

Ah! why so vain, though blooming in thy spring,  
 Thou *shining, frail, ador'd, and wretched* thing?  
 Old-age *will* come, disease *may* come before;  
*Fifteen* is full as mortal as *threescore*.

Thy fortune, and thy charms, may soon decay:  
 But grant these *fugitives* prolong their stay,  
 Their basis totters, their foundation shakes;  
 Life, that supports them, in a moment breaks;  
 Then *wrought* into the soul let virtues shine;  
 The *ground* eternal, as the *work* divine.

JULIA's a manager; she's born for rule;  
 And knows her *wiser* husband is a *fool*:  
 Assemblies holds, and spins the *subtle thread*  
 That guides the lover to his fair one's bed:

For

For difficult amours can smoothe the way,  
 And tender letters *dictate*, or *convey*.  
 But if depriv'd of such important cares,  
 Her wisdom condescends to less affairs.  
 For her *own* breakfast she'll *project a scheme*,  
 Nor *take* her *tea* without a *stratagem*;  
 Presides o'er *trifles* with a *serious* face;  
 Important, by the virtue of *grimace*.

Ladies supreme among amusements reign;  
 By nature born to *sooth*, and *entertain*.  
 Their *prudence* in a share of folly lies:  
 Why will they be so *weak*, as to be *wise*?

SYRENA is for ever in extremes,  
 And *with a vengeance* she commends, or blames,  
 Conscious of her discernment, which is good,  
 She strains too much to make it understood.  
 Her *judgment* just, her *sentence* is too strong;  
 Because she's right, she's ever in the wrong.

BRUNETTA's wife in actions great, and rare;  
 But scorns on *trifles* to bestow her care.  
 Thus ev'ry hour BRUNETTA is to blame,  
 Because th' occasion is beneath her aim.  
 Think nought a *trifle*, though it small appear;  
 Small sands the mountain, moments make the year,  
 And trifles life. Your care to trifles give,  
 Or you may die, before you truly live.

Go breakfast with ALICIA, there you'll see,  
*Simplex munditiis*, to the last degree:  
 Unlac'd her stays, her night-gown is unty'd,  
 And what she has of head-dress is aside.  
 She drawls her words, and waddles in her pace;  
 Unwash'd her hands, and much besnuff'd her face.  
 A nail uncut, and head uncomb'd, she loves;  
 And would draw on jack-boots, as soon as gloves.  
 Gloves



Gloves by queen BESS's maidens might be mist;  
 Her blessed eyes ne'er saw a female *fist*.  
 Lovers, beware! to *wound* how can she fail  
 With scarlet finger, and long jetty nail?  
 For H——y the first *wit* she cannot be,  
 Nor, cruel R——d, the first *toast*, for thee.  
 Since full each other station of *renown*,  
 Who would not be the greatest *trapes* in town?  
 Women were made to give our eyes delight,  
 A *female sloven* is an odious sight.

Fair ISABELLA is so fond of *fame*,  
 That her *dear self* is her eternal theme;  
 Through hopes of contradiction, oft she'll say,  
 "Methinks I look so wretchedly to-day!"  
 When most the world applauds you, most beware;  
 'Tis often less a *blessing* than a *snare*.  
 Distrust *mankind*; with your own *heart* confer;  
 And dread even *there* to find a flatterer.  
 The breath of *others* raises our *renown*;  
 Our *own* as surely blows the pageant down.  
 Take up no more than you by worth can claim,  
 Lest soon you prove a *bankrupt* in your fame.

But own I must, in this perverted age,  
 Who most *deserve*, can't always most *engage*.  
 So far is worth from making glory sure,  
 It often hinders what it *should* procure.  
 Whom praise we *most*? The virtuous, brave, and wise?  
 No; wretches, whom, in secret, we despise.  
 And who so blind, as not to see the cause?  
 No rivals rais'd by such *discreet* applause;  
 And yet, of credit it lays in a store,  
 By which our spleen may wound *true* worth the  
 more.

Ladies there are who think *one* crime is *all* :  
 Can women, then, no way but *backward* fall ?  
 So sweet is *that one* crime they don't pursue,  
 To pay its loss, they think *all* others *few*.  
 Who hold *that* crime so dear, must never claim  
 Of *injur'd modesty* the sacred name

But CLIO thus : " What ! railing without end ?  
 " Mean talk ! how much more gen'rous to com-  
 " mend ? "

Yes, to commend as you are wont to do,  
 My kind *instructor*, and *example* too.  
 " DAPHNIS," says CLIO, " has a charming eye :  
 " What pity 'tis her shoulder is awry !  
 " ASPASIA's shape indeed—But then her air—  
 " The man has parts who finds destruction there.  
 " ALMERIA's wit has something that's divine ;  
 " And wit's enough—how few in all things shine.  
 " SELINA serves her friends, relieves the poor—  
 " Who was it said SELINA's near threescore ?  
 " At LUCIA's match I from my soul rejoice ;  
 " The world congratulates so wise a choice ;  
 " His lordship's rent-roll is exceeding great—  
 " But mortgages will sap the best estate.  
 " In SHERLEY's form might cherubims appear ;  
 " But then—she has a *freckle* on her *ear*."  
 Without a *but*, HORTENSIA she commends,  
 The first of women, and the best of friends ;  
 Owns her in person, wit, fame, virtue, bright :  
 But how comes this to pass ?—She dy'd last night.  
 Thus nymphs commend, who yet at satire rail :  
 Indeed *that's* needless, if *such praise* prevail.  
 And whence such praise ? Our virulence is thrown  
 On *others'* fame, through fondness for our *own*.

Of

Of rank and riches proud, CLEORA frowns;  
 For are not *coronets* akin to *crowns*?  
 Her greedy eye, and her sublime address,  
 The height of *avarice* and *pride* confess.  
 You seek perfections worthy of her rank;  
 Go, seek for her perfections at the Bank.  
 By wealth unquench'd, by reason uncontroul'd,  
 For ever burns her sacred thirst of gold.  
 As fond of five-pence, as the veriest *cit*;  
 And quite as much detested as a *wit*.

Can gold calm *passion*, or make *reason* shine?  
 Can we dig *peace*, or *wisdom*, from the mine?  
 Wisdom to gold prefer; for 'tis much less  
 To make our *fortune*, than our *happiness*.  
 That happiness which great ones often see,  
 With rage and wonder, in a low degree;  
 Themselves unblest. The poor are *only* poor;  
 But what are they who *droop* amid their store?  
 Nothing is meaner than a wretch *of state*;  
 The *happy* only are the truly *great*.  
 Peasants enjoy like appetites with kings;  
 And those best satisfied with cheapest things.  
 Could *both* our *Indies* buy but *one* new *sense*,  
 Our envy would be due to large expence.  
 Since not, those pomps which to the great belong,  
 Are but poor arts to mark them from the throng.  
 See how they beg an alms of flattery?  
 They languish! oh support them with a *lye*!  
 A *decent competence* we fully taste;  
 It strikes our *sense*, and gives a constant feast:  
 More, we perceive by dint of *thought* alone;  
 The rich must *labour* to possess *their own*,  
 To feel their great abundance; and request  
 Their humble friends to *help* them to be blest;

To *see* their treasures, *hear* their glory told,  
And *aid* the wretched impotence of gold.

But some, great souls! and touch'd with warmth  
divine,

Give *gold* a *price*, and teach its *beams* to *shine*.  
All *hoarded* treasures they repute a load;  
Nor think their wealth *their own*, till well bestow'd.  
Grand *reservoirs* of public happiness,  
Through *secret* streams diffusively they bless;  
And, while their bounties glide conceal'd from view,  
*Relieve* our *wants*, and *spare* our *blushes* too.  
But satire is my task; and *these* destroy  
Her gloomy province, and malignant joy.  
Help me, ye misers! help me to complain,  
And blast our common enemy, G — N:  
But our *invectives* must despair success;  
For next to *praise*, she values nothing less.

What picture's yonder, loosen'd from its frame?  
Or is't ASTURIA? that affected dame.  
The brightest forms, through *affectation*, fade  
To strange *new* things, which *nature* never made.  
Frown not, ye fair! so much your sex we prize,  
We hate those *arts* that take you from our eyes.  
In ALBUCINDA's native grace is seen  
What you, who *labour* at perfection, mean.  
Short is the rule, and to be learnt with ease,  
*Retain* your gentle selves, and you *must* please.  
Here might I sing of MEMMIA's mincing mien,  
And all the movements of the soft machine:  
How two red lips affected *Zephyrs* blow,  
To cool the *Bohea*, and inflame the *Beau*:  
While one white *finger*, and a *thumb* conspire  
To lift the *cup*, and make the world admire.

Tea!



Tea! how I tremble at thy fatal stream!  
 As LETHE, dreadful to the *Love of Fame*.  
 What devastations on thy banks are seen!  
 What *shades* of mighty names which *once* have been!  
 An *hecatomb* of characters supplies  
 Thy painted altars daily sacrifice.  
 H——, P——, B——, aspers'd by thee, decay,  
 As grains of finest sugars melt away,  
 And recommend thee more to mortal taste:  
*Scandal's* the sweet'ner of a *female* feast.

But this inhuman triumph shall decline,  
 And thy revolting *Naiads* call for *wine*;  
*Spirits* no longer shall serve under thee;  
 But reign in thy own cup, *exploded tea*!  
 CITRONIA's nose declares thy ruin nigh,  
 And who dares give CITRONIA's nose the lie? †

The ladies long at men of drink exclaim'd,  
 And what impair'd both health and virtue, blam'd;  
 At length, to rescue man, the generous lass  
 Stole from her consort the pernicious glass.  
 As glorious as the *British* queen renown'd,  
 Who suck'd the poison from her husband's wound.

Nor to the *glass* alone are nymphs inclin'd,  
 But every bolder vice of bold mankind.

O JUVENAL! for thy severer rage!  
 To lash the ranker follies of our age.

Are there, among the females of our isle,  
 Such faults, at which it is a fault to *smile*?  
 There are. Vice, once by *modest nature* chain'd  
 And *legal ties*, expatiates unrestrain'd;  
 Without thin *decency* held up to view,  
 Naked she stalks o'er *Law* and *Gospel* too.

G 3

Our

† ——— *Solem quis dicere falsum*  
*Audeat?*

Our matrons lead such exemplary lives,  
 Men sigh in vain for *none*, but for their *wives* ;  
 Who *marry* to be *free*, to range the more,  
 And wed one man, to wanton with a score.  
 Abroad too kind, at home 'tis stedfast hate,  
 And one eternal tempest of debate.  
 What foul eruptions, from a look most meek !  
 What thunders bursting, from a dimpled cheek !  
 Their *passions* bear it with a lofty hand !  
 But then, their *reason* is at due command.  
 Is there whom you detest, and seek his life ?  
 Trust no soul with the secret—but his wife.  
*Wives* wonder that their conduct I condemn,  
 And ask, what kindred is a *spouse* to them ?  
 What swarms of am'rous *grandmothers* I see !  
 And misses, *ancient* in iniquity !  
 What blasting whispers, and what loud declaiming !  
 What lying, drinking, bawding, swearing, gaming !  
 Friendship so cold, such warm incontinence ;  
 Such griping av'rice, such profuse expence ;  
 Such dead devotion, such a zeal for crimes ;  
 Such licens'd ill, such masquerading times ;  
 Such venal faith, such misapply'd applause ;  
 Such flatter'd guilt, and such inverted laws ;  
 Such dissolution through the whole I find,  
 'Tis not a world, but chaos of mankind.

Since *Sundays* have no balls, the well-dress'd *belle*  
 Shines in the pew, but smiles to hear of *hell* ;  
 And casts an eye of sweet disdain on all,  
 Who listens less to C—ns, than St. *Paul*.  
 Atheists have been but rare ; since nature's birth,  
 Till now, She-atheists ne'er appear'd on earth.  
 Ye men of deep researches, say, whence springs  
 This daring character, in timorous things ?

Who



Who start at *feathers*, from an *insect* fly,  
A match for nothing—but the *Deity*.

But, not to wrong the fair, the muse must own  
In this pursuit they court not fame alone;  
But join to that a more substantial view,  
“From thinking free, to be free agents too.”

They strive with their own hearts, and keep them  
down,

In complaisance to all the fools in town.  
O how they tremble at the name of *prude*!  
And die with shame at thought of being *good*!  
For what will ARTIMIS, the rich and gay,  
What will the wits, that is, the coxcombs say?  
They heav’n defy, to earth’s vile dregs a slave;  
Through cowardice, most execrably brave.  
With our own judgments durst we to comply,  
In virtue should we live, in glory die.  
Rise then, my muse, in honest fury rise;  
They dread a Satire, who defy the Skies.

Atheists are few: most nymphs a Godhead own;  
And nothing but his *attributes* dethrone.  
From atheists far, they steadfastly believe  
God is, and is Almighty — to *forgive*.  
His other excellence they’ll not dispute;  
But *mercy*, sure, is his chief attribute.  
Shall pleasures of a short duration chain  
A *lady*’s soul in everlasting pain?  
Will the great Author us poor worms destroy,  
For now and then a *isp* of transient joy?  
No, he’s for ever in a smiling mood;  
He’s like themselves; or how could he be good?  
And they blaspheme, who blacker schemes suppose.—  
Devoutly, thus, JEHOVAH they depose,

The *pure!* the *just!* and set up, in his stead,  
A deity, that's perfectly *well-bred*.

"Dear T—L—N! before the best of men;  
"Nor thought he more, than thought great ORIGEN.  
"Though once upon a time he misbehav'd;  
"Poor SATAN! doubtless he'll at length be sav'd.  
"Let them cant on, since they have got the knack,  
"And dress their notions, like themselves, in *black*;  
"Fright us with terrors of a world *unknown*,  
"From joys of this, to keep them all their *own*.  
"Of earth's fair fruits, indeed, they claim a fee;  
"But then they leave our *untyth'd* virtue free.  
"Virtue's a pretty thing to make a show:  
"Did ever mortal write like ROCHEFOCAUT?"

Thus pleads the devil's fair apologist,  
And, pleading, safely enters on his list.

Let angel-forms angelic truths maintain;  
Nature disjoins the *beauteous* and *prophane*.  
For what's true beauty, but fair virtue's *face*?  
Virtue made *visible* in outward grace?

She, then, that's haunted with an impious mind,  
The more she *charms*, the more she *shocks* mankind.

But charms decline: the Fair long vigils keep:  
They sleep no more! † *Quadrille* has murder'd sleep.

"Poor K—P! cries LIVIA; I have not been there  
"These two nights; the poor creature will despair.

"I hate a croud—but to do good, you know—

"And people of condition should bestow."

Convinc'd, o'ercome, to K—P's grave matrons run;

Now *set* a daughter, and now *stake* a son;

Let health, fame, temper, beauty, fortune, fly;

And beggar half their race—through *charity*.

Immortal

† SHAKESPEARE.



Immortal were we, or else mortal quite,  
I less should blame this criminal delight :  
But since the gay assembly's gayest room  
Is but an upper story to some tomb,  
Methinks, we need not our *short* beings shun,  
And, *thought* to fly, *contend* to be undone.  
We need not buy our *ruin* with our *crime*,  
And give *eternity* to murder *time*.

The love of gaming is the worst of ills ;  
With ceaseless storms the blacken'd soul it fills ;  
Inveighs at heav'n, neglects the ties of blood ;  
Destroys the pow'r and will of doing good ;  
Kills health, pawns honour, plunges in disgrace,  
And, what is still more dreadful---spoils your face.

See yonder set of thieves that live on spoil,  
The *scandal*, and the *ruin* of our isle !  
And see, (strange sight !) amid that ruffian band,  
A form divine high wave her snowy hand ;  
That rattles loud a small enchanted box,  
Which, loud as thunder, on the board she knocks.  
And as fierce storms, which earth's foundation shook,  
From ÆOLUS's cave impetuous broke,  
From this small cavern a mix'd tempest flies,  
Fear, rage, convulsion, tears, oaths, blasphemies !  
For men, I mean,—the fair discharges none ;  
She (guiltless creature !) swears to heav'n alone.

See her eyes start ! cheeks glow ! and muscles swell !  
Like the mad maid in the *Cumean* cell.  
Thus that divine one her *soft* nights employs !  
Thus tunes her soul to tender nuptial joys !  
And when the cruel morning calls to bed,  
And on her pillow lays her aking head,  
With the dear images her dreams are crown'd,  
The *die* spins lovely, or the *cards* go round ;

Imaginary ruin charms her still ;  
 Her happy lord is cuckol'd by *spadil* :  
 And if she's brought to bed, 'tis ten to one,  
 He marks the forehead of her darling son.

O scene of horror, and of wild despair,  
 Why is the rich ~~ATRIDES~~' splendid heir  
 Constrain'd to quit his ancient lordly seat,  
 And hide his glories in a mean retreat ?  
 Why that drawn sword ? And whence that dismal  
 cry ?

Why pale distraction through the family ?  
 See my lord threaten, and my lady weep,  
 And trembling servants from the tempest creep.  
 Why that gay *son* to distant regions sent ?  
 What fiends that *daughter's* destin'd match prevent ?  
 Why the whole house in sudden ruin laid ?  
 O nothing, but last night---my lady *play'd*.

But wanders not my Satire from her theme ?  
 Is *this* too owing to the love of *fame* ?  
 Though now your hearts on *lucre* are bestow'd,  
 'Twas first a *vain-devotion* to the *mode* ;  
 Nor cease we *here*, since 'tis a vice so strong ;  
 The torrent sweeps all womankind along.  
 This may be said, in honour of our times,  
 That none now stand *distinguish'd* by their crimes.

If sin you must, take nature for your guide :  
*Love* has some soft excuse to sooth your pride :  
 Ye fair apostates from love's ancient pow'r !  
 Can nothing *ravish*, but a *golden shower* ?  
 Can cards alone your glowing fancy seize ;  
 Must CUPID learn to *punt*, ere he can *please* ?  
 When you're enamour'd of a *list* or *cast*,  
 What can the *preacher* more, to make us *chaste* ?

Why

Why must strong youths *unmarry'd* pine away?

They find no woman *disengag'd* — *from play*.

Why pine the *marry'd*?—O feverer fate!

They find from play no *disengag'd* — *estate*.

FLAVIA, at lovers false, *untouch'd*, and hard,

Turns pale, and trembles at a *cruel* card.

Nor ARRIA's bible can secure her age;

Her threescore years are shuffling with her page.

While *death* stands by, but till the game is done,

To sweep *that stake*, in justice, long his *own*;

Like old cards ting'd with sulphur, she takes fire;

Or, like snuffs sunk in sockets, blazes higher.

Ye gods! with *new* delights inspire the Fair;

Or give us *sons*, and save us from despair.

Sons, brothers, fathers, husbands, *tradesmen*, close

In my complaint, and brand your sins in *prose*:

Yet I believe, as firmly as my Creed,

In spite of all our wisdom, you'll proceed:

Our pride so great, our passion is so strong,

Advice to *right* confirms us in the *wrong*.

I hear you cry, "This fellow's very odd."

When *you* chastise, who would not kiss the rod?

But I've a charm your anger shall controul,

And turn your eyes with coldness on the *vole*.

The charm begins! To yonder flood of light,

That bursts o'er gloomy *Britain*, turn your sight.

What guardian pow'r o'erwhelms your souls with awe?

Her deeds are precepts, her example law;

'Midst empire's charms, how CAROLINA's heart

Glow with the love of *virtue*, and of *art*?

Her favour is diffus'd to that degree,

Excess of goodness! it has dawn'd on me:

When in my page, to balance numerous faults,

Or godlike deeds were shewn, or gen'rous thoughts,

156 LOVE OF FAME, &c. Sat. VI.

She smil'd, *industrious* to be pleas'd, nor knew  
From whom my pen the *borrow'd* lustre drew.

‡ Thus the majestic mother of mankind,  
To her own charms most amiably blind,  
On the green margin innocently stood,  
And gaz'd indulgent on the chrystal flood ;  
Survey'd the stranger in the painted wave,  
And, smiling, prais'd the beauties which she gave.

‡ MILTON.



SATIRE





# SATIRE VII.

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

Sir ROBERT WALPOLE.

---

*Carmina tum melius, cum venerit IPSE, canemus. VIRG.*

---

ON this last labour, this my closing strain,  
 Smile, WALPOLE, or the *Nine* inspire in vain:  
 To thee, 'tis due; that verse how justly thine,  
 Where BRUNSWICK's glory crowns the whole design?  
 That glory, which thy counsels make so bright;  
 That glory, which on thee reflects a light.  
 Illustrious commerce, and but rarely known!  
 To give, and take, a lustre from the throne.

Nor think that thou art foreign to my theme;  
 The fountain is not foreign to the stream.  
 How all mankind will be surpriz'd, to see  
 This flood of *British* folly charg'd on thee!  
 Say, *Britain*! whence this caprice of thy sons,  
 Which through their various ranks with fury runs?  
 The

The cause is plain, a cause which we must bless;  
 For caprice is the daughter of *success*,  
 (A bad effect, but from a pleasing cause!)  
 And gives our rulers undesign'd applause;  
 Tells how their conduct bids our *wealth* increase,  
 And lulls us in the downy lap of *peace*.

While I survey the blessings of our isle,  
 Her *arts* triumphant in the royal smile,  
 Her public *wounds* bound up, her *credit* high,  
 Her *commerce* spreading sails in every sky,  
 The pleasing scene recalls my theme again,  
 And shews the madness of ambitious men,  
 Who, fond of bloodshed, draw the murd'ring sword,  
 And burn to give mankind a single lord.

The follies past are of a private kind;  
 Their sphere is small; their mischief is confin'd:  
 But daring men there are (Awake, my muse,  
 And raise thy verse!) who bolder frenzy chuse;  
 Who stung by glory, rave, and bound away;  
 The *world* their field, and *humankind* their prey.

The *Grecian* chief, th' enthusiast of his *pride*,  
 With rage and terror stalking by his side,  
 Raves round the globe; he soars into a god!  
 Stand fast, *Olympus*! and sustain his nod.  
 The pest divine in horrid grandeur reigns,  
 And thrives on mankind's miseries and pains.  
 What slaughter'd *hosts*! What *cities* in a blaze!  
 What wasted *countries*! and what crimson *seas*!  
 With orphans tears his impious bowl o'erflows,  
 And cries of kingdoms lull him to repose.

And cannot thrice ten hundred years unpraise  
 The boist'rous boy, and blast his guilty bays?  
 Why want we then encomiums on the *storm*,  
 Or *famine*, or *volcano*? They perform

Their

Their mighty deeds ; they, hero-like, can slay,  
And spread their ample desarts in a day.

O great alliance ! O divine renown !

With *dearth*, and *pestilence*, to share the crown.  
When men extol a wild destroyer's name,  
Earth's Builder and Preserver they blaspheme.

One to destroy, is murder by the law ;  
And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe ;  
To murder *thousands*, takes a specious name,  
*War's glorious art*, and gives immortal *fame*.

When, after battle, I the field have seen  
Spread o'er with ghastly shapes, which once were  
men ;

A nation crush'd, a nation of the brave !  
A realm of death ! and on this side the grave !

Are there, said I, who from this sad survey,  
This *human chaos*, carry smiles away ?

How did my heart with indignation rise !  
How honest nature swell'd into my eyes !

How was I shock'd to think the hero's trade  
Of such materials, *fame* and *triumph* made !

How guilty these ! Yet not less guilty they,  
Who reach false glory by a smoother way :  
Who wrap destruction up in gentle words,  
And bows, and smiles, more fatal than their swords ;  
Who stifle *nature*, and subliit on *art* ;  
Who coin the *face*, and petrify the *heart* ;  
All real kindness for the shew discard,  
As marble polish'd, and as marble hard ;  
Who do for gold what Christians do through Grace,  
“ With open arms their enemies embrace ;”  
Who give a nod when broken hearts repine ;  
“ The thinnest food on which a wretch can dine :”

Or,

Or, if they serve you, serve you disinclin'd,  
And, in their height of kindness, are unkind.  
Such *courtiers* were, and such again may be,  
WALPOLE, when men forget to copy thee.

Here cease, my Muse ! the *catalogue* is writ ;  
Nor one more candidate for *fame* admit,  
Though disappointed thousands justly blame  
Thy partial pen, and boast an equal claim :  
Be this their comfort, fools, omitted here,  
May furnish laughter for another year.  
Then let CRISPINO, who was ne'er refus'd  
The *justice* yet of being well abus'd,  
With patience wait ; and be content to reign  
The pink of puppies in some future strain.

Some future strain, in which the Muse shall tell  
How *science* dwindles, and how *volumes* swell.

How commentators each *dark* passage shun,  
And hold their farthing candle to the *sun*.

How tortur'd texts to speak our sense are made,  
And every vice is to the Scripture laid.

How misers squeeze a young voluptuous peer ;  
His sins to LUCIFER not half so dear.

How VERRIS is less qualify'd to steal  
With sword and pistol, than with wax and seal.

How lawyers' fees to such excess are run,  
That clients are redress'd till they're undone.

How one man's anguish is another's sport ;  
And ev'n denials cost us dear at court.

How man eternally false judgments makes,  
And all his joys and sorrows are *mistakes*.

This swarm of themes that settles on my pen,  
Which I, like summer flies, shake off agen,  
Let others sing ; to whom my weak essay  
But sounds a prelude, and points out their prey :

That



That duty done, I hasten to complete  
My own design ; for TONSON's at the gate.

The love of Fame in its *effect* survey'd,  
The Muse has sung ; be now the *cause* display'd :  
Since so diffusive, and so wide its sway,  
What is this power, whom all mankind obey ?

Shot from above, by heav'n's indulgence, came  
This generous ardor, this unconquer'd flame,  
To warm, to raise, to deify, mankind,  
Still burning brightest in the noblest mind.  
By large-soul'd men, for thirst of fame renown'd,  
Wise *laws* were fram'd, and sacred *arts* were found ;  
Desire of praise first broke the *patriot's* rest ;  
And made a bulwark of the *warrior's* breast ;  
It bids ARGYLL in fields and senates shine.  
What more can prove its origin divine ?

But, oh ! this passion planted in the soul,  
On eagle's wings to mount her to the pole,  
The flaming minister of *virtue* meant,  
Set up false gods, and wrong'd her high descent.

AMBITION, hence, exerts a doubtful force,  
Of blots, and beauties, an alternate source ;  
Hence GILDON rails, that raven of the pit,  
Who thrives upon the carcases of wit ;  
And in art-loving SCARBOROUGH is seen  
How kind a pattern POLLIO *might* have been.  
Pursuit of fame with pedants fills our schools,  
And into *coxcombs* burnishes our *fools* ;  
Pursuit of fame makes solid learning bright,  
And NEWTON lifts above a mortal height ;  
That key of nature, by whose wit she clears  
Her long, long secrets of five thousand years.

Would you then fully comprehend the whole,  
*Why*, and in what *degrees*, pride sways the soul ?

(For

(For though in all, not equally, she reigns)  
Awake to knowledge, and attend my strains.

Ye doctors! hear the doctrine I disclose,  
As true, as if 'twere writ in dullest prose;  
As if a letter'd dunce had said, "'Tis right,"  
And *imprimatur* usher'd it to light.

AMBITION, in the *truly noble mind*,  
With Sister-virtue is for ever join'd;  
As in fam'd LUCRECE, who, with equal dread,  
From *guilt*, and *shame*, by her last conduct, fled:  
Her *virtue* long rebell'd in firm disdain,  
And the sword pointed at her heart in vain;  
But, when the slave was threaten'd to be laid  
Dead by her side, her *Love of Fame* obey'd.

In *meaner minds* ambition works alone;  
But with such art puts virtue's aspect on,  
That not more like in feature and in mien,  
† The God and mortal in the comic scene.  
False JULIUS, ambush'd in this fair disguise,  
Soon made the *Roman* liberties his prize.

No mask in *basest minds* ambition wears,  
But in full light pricks up her ass's ears:  
All I have sung are instances of *this*;  
And prove my theme unfolded not amiss.

Ye *vain*! desist from your erroneous strife;  
Be wise, and quit the *false* sublime of life.  
The *true* ambition there alone resides,  
Where *justice* vindicates, and *wisdom* guides;  
Where *inward* dignity joins *outward* state;  
Our *purpose* good, as our *atchievement* great;  
Where public  *blessings* public *praise* attend;  
Where glory is our *motive*, not our *end*.

Would'st

† AMPHYTRION.

Would'st thou be *fam'd*? Have those high deeds in  
view,

Brave men would act, though *scandal* should ensue.

Behold a Prince! whom no swollen thoughts inflame;  
No pride of thrones, no fever after *Fame*?

But when the welfare of mankind inspires,  
And death in view to dear-bought glory fires,  
Proud conquest then, then regal pomps delight;  
Then crowns, then triumphs, sparkle in his sight;  
*Tumult* and *noise* are dear, which with them bring  
His people's blessings to their ardent king:

But, when those great heroic motives cease,  
His swelling soul subsides to native peace;  
From tedious grandeur's faded charms withdraws,  
A sudden foe to splendor and applause;  
Greatly deferring his arrears of fame,  
Till men and angels jointly shout his name.

O pride celestial! which can pride disdain;  
O blest ambition! which can ne'er be *vain*.

From one *fam'd Alpine* hill, which props the sky,  
In whose deep womb unfathom'd waters lie,  
Here burst the *Rhone* and sounding *Po*; there shine,  
In infant rills, the *Danube* and the *Rhine*;  
From the rich store one fruitful urn supplies,  
Whole kingdoms smile, a thousand harvests rise.

In BRUNSWICK such a source the Muse adores,  
Which public blessings through half *Europe* pours.  
When his heart burns with such a godlike aim,  
Angels and GEORGE are *rivals* for the fame;  
GEORGE, who in foes can soft affections raise,  
And charm envenom'd Satire into praise.

‡ Nor *human* rage alone his pow'r perceives,  
But the mad *winds*, and the tumultuous *waves*.

Ev'n

‡ The king in danger by sea.

Ev'n storms (death's fiercest ministers!) forbear,  
 And, in their own wild empire, learn to spare.  
 Thus, *nature's self*, supporting *man's* decree,  
 Stiles *Britain's* sovereign, sovereign of the *sea*.

While *sea* and *air*, great BRUNSWICK! shook our  
 State,

And sported with a king's and kingdom's fate,  
 Depriv'd of what she lov'd, and press'd by fear,  
 Of *ever* losing what she held most dear,  
 How did BRITANNIA, like † ACHILLES, weep,  
 And tell her sorrows to the *kindred deep*?  
 Hang o'er the floods, and, in devotion warm,  
 Strive, for Thee, with the surge, and fight the storm?

What felt thy WALPOLE, pilot of the realm?  
 Our PALINURUS ‡ slept not at the helm;  
 His eye ne'er clos'd; long since enur'd to wake,  
 And out-watch every storm for BRUNSWICK's sake:  
 By thwarting passions tofs'd, by cares oppress'd,  
 He found the tempest pictur'd in his breast:  
 But *now*, what joys that gloom of heart dispel,  
 No pow'rs of language—but his own, can tell;  
 His own, which *nature* and the *graces* form,  
 At will, to raise, or hush, the *civil* storm.

† HOM. L. lib. I.

‡ Ecce Deus ramum Lethaei rore madentem, &c. VIRG. lib. V.





A  
K E Y  
TO THE  
UNIVERSAL PASSION.

S A T I R E I.

— Gives applause to B — — — e, or to me.

Blackmore (Sir Richard.)

— Churchmen scripture, for the classics, quit ;

Polite apostates from God's grace, to wit.

N. B. Virgil, Horace, Terence, Catullus, Tibullus, Propertius, Manilius, Lucretius, Longinus, Ciceronis opera, Cæsar's comment. Homer, &c. were published by Bishop Hare, Dr. Bentley, Dr. Davis, Dr. Clarke, Dr. Pearce, &c.

S — e's humour. Steele (Sir Richard.)

P — y's eloquence. Pulteney (William, Esq;)

If at his title T — had dropt his quill, &c.

Dr. Trapp, when professor of poetry in the university of Oxford, wrote *Praelectiones Poeticae*, Poetical Lectures, which were deservedly esteemed ; but upon his blank-verse version of Virgil, volume the first, Doctor Evans of St. John's college, Oxon, sent the following distich :

*Read*

*Read the commandments, Trapp, translate no further;*

*For there 'tis written, Thou shalt do no murder.*

*A. is depos'd, and B. with pomp restor'd.*

This alludes to Mr. Theobald's publication of a book, intitled, Shakespeare Restor'd, in opposition to Mr. Pope's Edition of that author.

*C ——— dos he'll out-do.*

Chandos (Duke of)

*—B—l—ton, thy taste is not so true.*

Burlington (Earl of)

*Not F—t—n's self more Parian charms has known,*

*Nor is good P—b—ke more in love with stone.*

Sir Andrew Fountain, and the late Earl of Pembroke, both great admirers of antique statues.

*Put off at night with lady B——'s hair.*

The venerable grey-headed Countess of Bristol.

*Fewer grave lords to S——pe discreetly bend.*

Mr. Scroope, a great money-lender.

## S A T I R E II.

Paul Diack, who gave name to a tulip, was an honest, toping, old citizen of London, and a great stock-jobber.

*——T——n turn'd upholsterer, &c.*

Tonson (Jacob) fitted up many libraries of gilt books for South-sea coxcombs, 1720.

*——Leaves to O——* Orrery (Charles Earl of)

*D ——* Dorset (Earl of) the poet's patron.

*Miss D—— tottering.* Miss Duncomb.

*——the Stagyrte.* Aristotle.

*Hence, D ——, that openness of heart.* Dodington.

*St——pe in wit, in breeding D—l—ne.*

Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield. Deloraine (Lord)

S A T I R E III.

—H—y's eyes unmercifully keen. Lady Hervey.

Well, H—r, dost thou thy master serve.

Heiddegger, director of the masquerades.

S A T I R E IV.

While C— mourns, &c.

Anthony Collins, Esq; founder of the sect of  
Free-thinkers.

C—, who makes so merry with the Creed.

The same A. Collins.

Arb—t is a fool, and F— a sage.

S—ey will fright you, E— engage.

Dr. Arbuthnot, Daniel de Foe, Sir Charles Sed-  
ley.

S— is the worst of friends. Suffex.

Q—y is fair. Dutcheffs of Queensberry.

S— the foremost toyman of his time.

Sloan (Sir Hans,) alluding to his Museum.

Unhappy J—y. Lady Jersey.

B—le shines in council, M—t in the fight:

P—l—'s magnificent, but J— can write.

Boyle (Charles) Earl of Orrery. Mordaunt

(Charles) Earl of Peterborow. Pelham, Duke  
of Newcastle. John Dennis.

Will H—t pardon, if I dare commend;

H—t, with zeal, a patron, and a friend?

A—le true wit is studious to restore:

And D—t smiles if Phæbus smil'd before.

P—ke, in years, the long-liv'd arts admires,

And Henrietta like a muse inspires.

Harcourt (Lord Chancellor.) Argyle (Duke of.)

Dorset (Duke of.) Thomas Pembroke (late  
Earl of.)

Lady

Lady Henrietta Cavendish Holles Harley.  
Character of Augustus, in the conclusion, applied  
to his late Majesty (George I.

## S A T I R E V.

*Foubert has the forming of the fair.*

Major Foubert, a riding-master.

*Sir H——s.*

Sir Hans Sloan, M. D.

*The fair philosopher to Rowley \* flies.*

*Lady D——*

Dashwood or Dyfart.

\* The late Mr. Rowley, an eminent mathematical-instrument  
maker, under St. Dunstan's church in Fleet-street.

## S A T I R E VI.

Zinck, the greatest master in miniature, and enamel  
painting, in Europe.

*H——y the first wit.*

Lord Hervey.

*Cruel R——d.*

Duke of Richmond.

*G——n.*

Lady Betty Germain.

*H——, P——, B——.*

Hervey, Pearce, Blount,

(Ladies.)

*C——s.*

Collins (Anthony, Esq;)

*T——l——n,* Archbishop Tillotson's and Dr. Burnet's  
doctrine of the non-eternity of hell-torments.

*K——p.*

Mrs. Kemp, keeper of an assemblée.

*Carolina's heart, &c.*

Acknowledgment of the late Queen's favours to the  
author.

ODES,



O D E S,

OCCASIONED BY

HIS MAJESTY'S

ROYAL ENCOURAGEMENT

OF THE

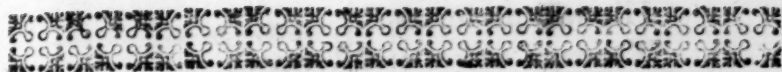
S E A - S E R V I C E.

VOL. I.

H

I THINK

I THINK Myself obliged to recommend to you a consideration of the greatest importance; and I should look upon it as a great happiness, if, at the beginning of my reign, I could see the foundation laid of so great and necessary a work, as the increase and encouragement of our seamen in general; that they may be invited, rather than compelled by force and violence, to enter into the service of their country, as oft as occasion shall require it: A consideration worthy the representatives of a people great and flourishing in trade and navigation. This leads me to mention to you the case of *Greenwich Hospital*, that care may be taken, by some addition to that fund, to render comfortable and effectual that charitable provision, for the support and maintenance of our seamen, worn out, and become decrepit by age and infirmities, in the service of their country. [SPEECH, Jan. 27, 1727-8.]



TO THE  
K I N G.

M.DCC.XXVIII.

I.

OLD OCEAN's praise  
Demands my lays ;  
A truly *British* theme I sing ;  
A theme so great,  
I dare complete,  
And join with OCEAN, *Ocean's* King.

II.

The *Roman* Ode  
Majestic flow'd ;  
Its *stream* divinely clear, and strong ;  
In sense, and sound,  
*Thebes* roll'd profound ;  
The *torrent* roar'd, and foam'd along.

III.

Let *Thebes*, nor *Rome*,  
So fam'd, presume  
To triumph o'er a northern isle ;  
Late time shall know  
The *North* can glow,  
If dread AUGUSTUS deign to smile.

IV.

The Naval crown  
Is all his own !  
Our Fleet, if war, or commerce, call,

His will performs  
Through waves and storms,  
And rides in triumph round the ball.

## V.

No former race,  
With strong embrace,  
This theme to ravish durst aspire;  
With virgin charms  
My soul it warms,  
And melts melodious on my lyre.

## VI.

My lays I file  
With cautious toil;  
Ye graces! turn the glowing lines;  
On anvils neat  
Your strokes repeat;  
At every stroke the work refines!

## VII.

How music charms?  
How metre warms:  
Parent of actions, good and brave!  
How vice it tames?  
And worth inflames?  
And holds proud empire o'er the grave?

## VIII.

*Jove* mark'd for man  
A scanty span,  
But lent him wings to fly his doom;  
*Wit* scorns the grave;  
To wit he gave  
The life of gods! immortal bloom!

## IX.

Since *years* will fly,  
And *pleasures* die,  
Day after day, as years advance;

Since,



TO THE KING. 173

Since, while life lasts,  
Joy suffers blasts  
From frowning *fate*, and fickle *chance*;

X.

Nor life is long;  
But soon we throng,  
Like autumn leaves, death's pallid shore;  
We make, at least,  
Of *bad* the *best*,  
If in life's phantom, *Fame*, we soar.

XI.

Our strains divide  
The laurel's pride;  
With those we lift to life, to live;  
By fame enroll'd  
With heroes bold,  
And share the blessings which we give.

XII.

What hero's praise  
Can fire my lays,  
Like his, with whom my lay begun? -  
" *Justice* sincere,  
" And *courage* clear,  
Rise the two columns of his throne.

XIII.

" How form'd for sway?  
" Who look, obey;  
" They read the monarch in his *port*:  
" Their love and awe  
" Supply the *law*;  
" And his *own* lustre makes the court:"

XIV.

On yonder height,  
What golden light

Triumphant shines? And shines *alone*?

Unrivall'd blaze!

The nations gaze!

'Tis not the Sun; 'tis *Britain's* throne.

## XV.

Our Monarch, there,

Rear'd high in air,

Should tempests rise, disdains to bend;

Like *British* oak,

Derides the stroke;

His blooming honours far extend!

## XVI.

Beneath them lies,

With lifted eyes,

Fair *Albion*, like an amorous maid;

While *interest* wings

Bold foreign kings

To fly, like eagles, to his shade.

## XVII.

At his proud foot

The *sea*, pour'd out,

Immortal nourishment supplies;

Thence *wealth* and *state*,

And *power* and *fate*,

Which *Europe* reads in *GEORGE's* eyes.

## XVIII.

From what we view,

We take the clue,

Which leads from great to greater things:

Men doubt no more,

But gods adore,

When such resemblance shines in kings.

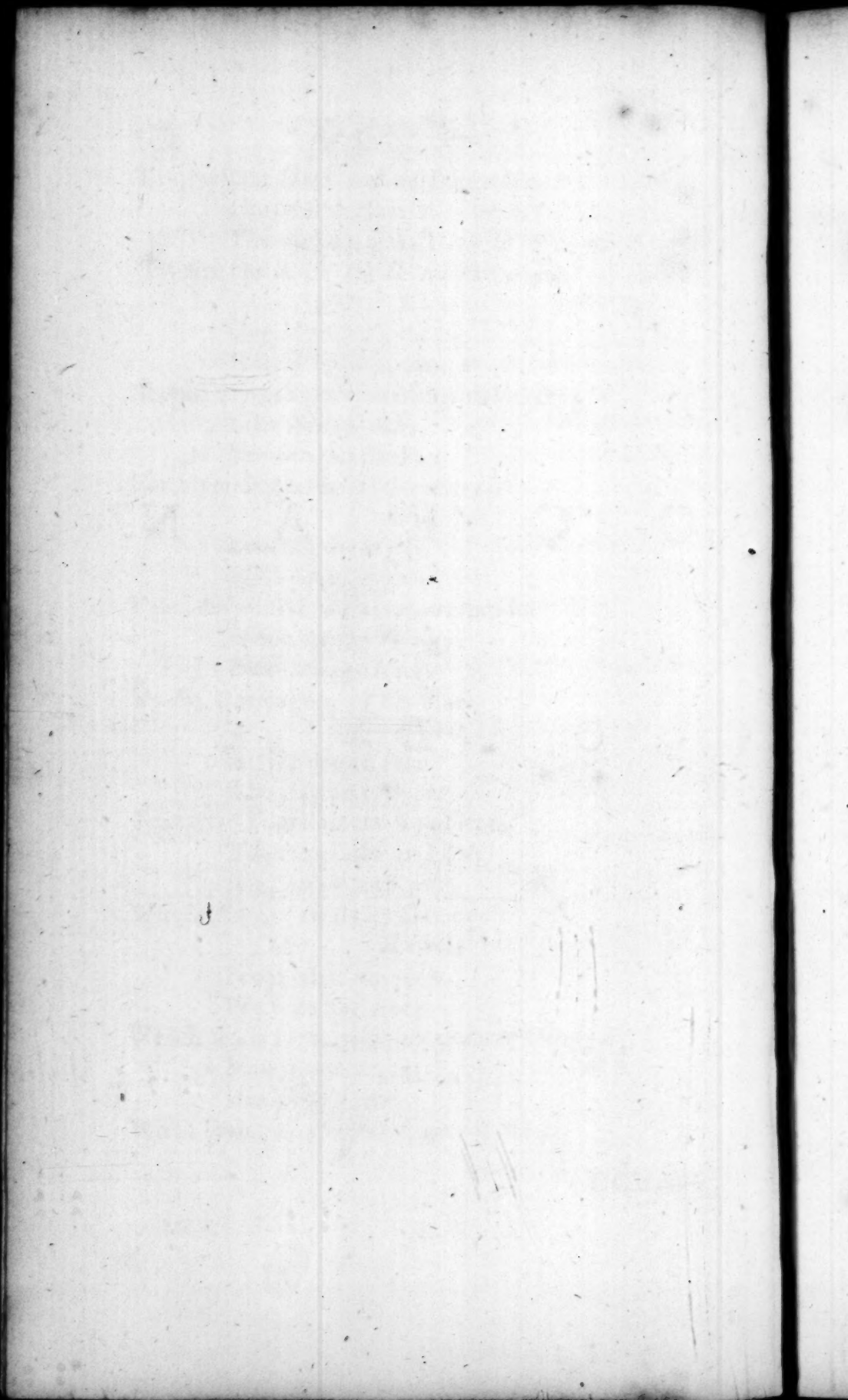
OCEAN.

O C E A N.

A N

O D E.

H 4







O C E A N.

A N

O D E.

---

*Let the sea make a noise, let the floods clap their hands.*

*Psal. xcvi.*

---

I.

**S**WEET rural scene !  
Of flocks and green !

At careless ease my limbs are spread ;

All nature still,

But yonder rill ;

And list'ning pines nod o'er my head :

H. 5.

II. In.

## II.

In prospect wide,  
 The boundless *tide* !  
 Waves cease to foam, and winds to roar ;  
 Without a breeze,  
 The curling seas  
 Dance on, in *measure* to the shore.

## III.

Who sings the *source*  
 Of *wealth* and *force* ?  
 Vast field of commerce and big *war*,  
 Where *wonders* dwell !  
 Where *terrors* swell !  
 And *Neptune* thunders from his car ?

## IV.

Where ? Where, are they,  
 Whom *Pæan's* ray  
 Has touch'd, and bid divinely rave ? —  
 What ! none aspire ?  
 I snatch the lyre,  
 And plunge into the foaming wave.

## V.

The wave resounds !  
 The rock rebounds !  
 The *Nereids* to my song reply !  
 I lead the choir,  
 And they conspire,  
 With voice and shell, to lift it high.

## VI.

*They* spread in air  
 Their bosoms fair,  
 Their verdant tresses pour behind :

The

The billows beat  
 With nimble feet,  
 With notes triumphant swell the wind.

## VII.

Who love the shore,  
 Let those adore  
 The God *Apollo*, and his *Nine*,  
*Parnassus'* hill,  
 And *Orpheus'* skill;  
 But let *Arion's* harp be mine.

## VIII.

The main! the main!  
 Is *Britain's* reign;  
 Her strength, her glory, is her *fleet*.  
 The main! the main!  
 Be *Britain's* strain;  
 As *Tritons* strong, as *Syrens* sweet.

## IX.

Through nature wide  
 Is nought descry'd  
 So rich in pleasure or surprize;  
 When all-serene,  
 How *sweet* the scene?  
 How *dreadful*, when the billows rise;

## X.

And storms deface  
 The fluid glass,  
 In which ere-while *Britannia* fair  
 Look'd down with pride,  
 Like *Ocean's* bride,  
 Adjusting her majestic air?

## XI.

When tempests cease,  
 And, hush'd in peace,

The flatten'd farges smoothly spread,  
Deep silence keep,  
And seem to sleep  
Recumbent on their oozy bed ;

## XII.

With what a trance,  
The level glance,  
Unbroken, shoots along the seas ?  
Which tempt from shore  
The painted oar ;  
And every canvas courts the breeze !

## XIII.

When rushes forth  
The frowning *north*  
On black'ning billows, with what dread  
My thuddering soul  
Beholds them roll,  
And hears their roarings o'er my head !

## XIV.

With terror, mark  
Yon flying *bark* !  
Now center-deep descend the brave ;  
Now, tofs'd on high,  
*It* takes the sky,  
A feather on the tow'ring wave !

## XV.

Now spins around  
In whirls profound :  
Now whelm'd ; now pendant near the clouds ;  
Now stunn'd, it reels  
Midst thunders peals :  
And now fierce lightning fires the shrouds.

## XVI. All



## XVI.

All Ether burns!  
 Chaos returns!  
 And blends, once more, the seas and skies:  
 No space between  
 Thy bosom green,  
 O deep! and the blue concave, lies.

## XVII.

The northern blast,  
 The shatter'd mast,  
 The syrt, the whirlpool, and the rock,  
 The breaking spout,  
 The stars gone out,  
 The boiling streight, the monsters shock,

## XVIII.

Let others fear;  
 To *Britain* dear  
 Whate'er promotes her daring claim;  
 Those terrors charm,  
 Which keep her warm  
 In chace of honest gain, or fame.

## XIX.

The stars are bright  
 To cheer the night,  
 And shed, through shadows, temper'd fire;  
 And *Phæbus* flames,  
 With burnish'd beams,  
 Which some *adore*, and all *admire*.

## XX.

Are then the seas  
 Outshone by *these*?  
 Bright *Thetis*! thou art not outshone;

With

With kinder beams,  
And softer gleams,  
Thy bosom wears them as thy own.

## XXI.

*There, set in green,*  
*Gold stars* are seen,  
A mantle rich ! thy charms to wrap ;  
And when the sun  
His race has run,  
He falls enamour'd in thy lap.

## XXII.

Those *clouds*, whose dyes  
Adorn the skies,  
That silver *snow*, that pearly *rain*,  
Has *Phæbus* stole  
To grace the pole,  
The plunder of th' invaded main !

## XXIII.

The gaudy *bow*,  
Whose colours glow,  
Whose arch with so much skill is bent,  
To *Phæbus'* ray,  
Which paints so gay,  
By thee the wat'ry woof was lent.

## XXIV.

In chambers deep,  
Where waters sleep,  
What unknown treasures pave the floor ?  
The *pearl*, in rows,  
Pale lustre throws ;  
The *wealth* immense, which storms devour.

## XXV.

From *Indian* mines,  
With proud designs,

The

The merchant, swoln, digs golden ore ;  
 The tempests rise,  
 And seize the prize,  
 And tofs him breathless on the shore.

XXVI.

His son complains  
 In pious strains,  
 " Ah cruel thirst of gold !" he cries :  
 Then ploughs the main,  
 In zeal for gain,  
 The tears yet swelling in his eyes.

XXVII.

Thou watry vast !  
 What mounds are cast  
 To bar thy dreadful flowings o'er ?  
 Thy proudest foam  
 Must know its home ;  
 But rage of gold disdains a shore.

XXVIII.

Gold *pleasure* buys ;  
 But pleasure dies,  
 Too soon the gross fruition cloy ;  
 Though *raptures* court,  
 The *sense* is short ;  
 But virtue kindles living joys ;

XXIX.

Joys felt *alone* !  
 Joys ask'd of none !  
 Which time's and fortune's arrows miss :  
 Joys that subfist,  
 Though fates resist,  
 An unprecious, endless bliss !

XXX. The

## XXX.

The soul *refin'd*  
 Is most inclin'd  
 To every *moral* excellence ;  
 All vice is dull,  
 A knave's a fool ;  
 And *virtue* is the child of *sense*.

## XXXI.

The virtuous mind,  
 Nor *wave*, nor *wind*,  
 Nor civil rage, nor tyrant's frown,  
 The shaken ball,  
 Nor planet's fall,  
 From its firm basis can dethrone.

## XXXII.

This *Britain* knows,  
 And therefore glows  
 With gen'rous passions, and expends  
 Her *wealth* and *zeal*  
 On public weal,  
 And brightens both by god-like ends.

## XXXIII.

What end so great  
 As that which late  
 Awoke the genius of the *main* ;  
 Which tow'ring rose  
 With GEORGE to close,  
 And rival great ELIZA's reign ?

## XXXIV.

A voice has flown  
 From *Britain's* throne  
 To re-inflame a grand design ;

*That*



*That* voice shall rear  
 Yon \* *fabric fair*,  
 As nature's rose at the *divine*.

## XXXV.

When nature sprung,  
 Blest angels sung,  
 And shouted o'er the rising ball;  
 For strains as high  
 As man's can fly,  
 These sea-devoted honours call.

## XXXVI.

From boist'rous seas,  
 The lap of ease  
 Receives our wounded, and our old;  
 High domes ascend!  
 Stretch'd arches bend!  
 Proud columns swell! wide gates unfold!

## XXXVII.

*Here*, soft-reclin'd,  
 From wave, from wind,  
 And fortune's tempest safe ashore,  
 To cheat their care,  
 Of former war  
 They talk the pleasing *shadows* o'er.

## XXXVIII.

In lengthen'd tales,  
 Our fleet prevails;  
 In tales the lenitives of *age*!  
 And o'er the bowl,  
 They fire the soul  
 Of list'ning *youth*, to martial rage.

\* A new fund for *Greenwich* hospital, recommended from the throne.

## XXXIX.

Unhappy they !  
 And falsely gay !  
 Who bask for ever in success ;  
 A constant feast  
 Quite palls the taste,  
 And long *enjoyment* is *distress*.

## XL.

When, after toil,  
 His native foil  
 The panting *mariner* regains,  
 What *transport* flows  
 From bare *repose* ?  
 We reap our pleasure from our pains.

## XLI.

Ye warlike slain !  
 Beneath the main,  
 Wrapt in a wat'ry winding sheet ;  
 Who bought with blood  
 Your country's good,  
 Your country's † *full-blown glory* greet.

## XLII.

What pow'rful charm  
 Can death disarm ?  
 Your long, your iron slumbers break ?  
 By *Jove*, by *Fame*,  
 By GEORGE's name,  
 Awake ! awake ! awake ! awake !

## XLIII.

With spiral shell,  
 Full blasted, tell,  
 That all your wat'ry realms should ring ;

† Written soon after K. George the First's accession.

Your *pearl*-alcoves,  
 Your *coral*-groves,  
 Should echo *theirs*, and *Britain's* king.

## XLIV.

As long as stars  
 Guide mariners,  
 As CAROLINA'S virtues please,  
 Or suns invite  
 The ravish'd fight,  
 The *British* flag shall sweep the seas.

## XLV.

*Peculiar* both !  
 Our soil's *strong* growth,  
 And our bold natives' *hardy* mind ;  
 Sure heaven bespoke  
 Our *hearts* and *oak*,  
 To give a master to mankind.

## XLVI.

*That* noblest birth  
 Of teeming earth,  
 Of forests fair, that daughter proud,  
 To foreign coasts  
 Our grandeur boasts,  
 And *Britain's* pleasure speaks aloud :

## XLVII.

Now big with *war*,  
 Sends fate from far,  
 If rebel realms their fate demand ;  
 Now, sumptuous spoils  
 Of foreign *soils*  
 Pours in the bosom of our land.

## XLVIII.

Hence, *Britain* lays  
 In scales, and weighs

The

The fate of kingdoms, and of kings ;  
And as the frowns,  
Or smiles, on crowns  
A night, or day of *glory*, springs.

## XLIX

Thus *Ocean* swells  
The streams and rills,  
And to their borders lifts them high ;  
Or else withdraws  
The mighty cause,  
And leaves their famish'd channels dry.



SEA.



# SEA-PIECE:

CONTAINING

- I. The BRITISH Sailor's *Exultation*.
- II. His *Prayer* before Engagement.

THE HISTORY OF

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

FROM 1776 TO 1876

BY

WILLIAM F. STODOLSKY

NEW YORK

SEE A-B-I-E-O-E

CONTAINING

THE UNITED STATES

IN 1876

THE UNITED STATES

IN 1876

THE UNITED STATES

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IN 1876

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IN 1876



T H E  
D E D I C A T I O N.  
T O  
M R. V O L T A I R E.

I.

**M**Y muse, a bird of passage, flies  
From frozen climes to milder skies ;  
From chilling blasts she seeks thy chearing beam,  
A beam of favour, *here* deny'd ;  
Conscious of faults, her blushing pride  
Hopes an asylum in so great a name.

II.

\* To dive full deep in *antient* days,  
To *warrior's* ardent deeds to raise,  
And *monarchs* aggrandize ;—the glory, Thine ;  
Thine is the *drama*, how renown'd ?  
Thine, *Epic's* loftier trump to sound ;—  
But let ARION's sea-strung harp be Mine :

III.

But where's his *dolphin*? Know'st thou, where?—  
May that be found in Thee, VOLTAIRE !  
Save thou from harm my plunge into the wave :  
How

\* Annals of the Emperor CHARLES XII. LEWIS XIV.

How will thy name illustrious raise  
My sinking song? Mere *mortal* lays,  
So patroniz'd, are rescu'd from the grave.

## IV.

"Tell me, say'st thou, who courts my smile?  
"What stranger stray'd from yonder isle?"—  
No stranger, Sir! though born in foreign climes;  
On *Dorset* downs, when MILTON's page,  
With *Sin* and *Death*, provok'd thy rage,  
Thy rage provok'd, *who* sooth'd with gentle rhymes?

## V.

*Who* kindly couch'd thy censure's eye,  
And gave thee clearly to descry  
Sound judgment giving law to fancy strong?  
*Who* half inclin'd thee to confess,  
Nor could thy modesty do less,  
That MILTON's blindness lay not in his song?

## VI.

But such debates long since are flown;  
For ever set the suns that shone  
On airy pastimes, ere our brows were grey:  
How shortly shall we Both forget,  
To thee my patron, I my debt,  
And thou to thine, for *Prussia's* golden key.

## VII.

The present, in oblivion cast,  
Full soon shall sleep, as sleeps the past;  
Full soon the wide distinction die between  
The frowns, and favours of the great;  
High-flush'd success, and pale defeat;  
The *Galic* gaiety, and *British* spleen.

## VIII.

Ye wing'd, ye rapid moments! stay:—  
Oh friend! as deaf as rapid, they;

Life's

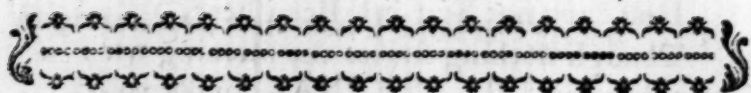


Life's little drama done, the curtain falls ! —  
 Dost thou not hear it ? I can hear,  
 Though nothing strikes the listening ear ;  
*Time* groans his last ! ETERNAL loudly calls !

IX.

Nor calls in vain ; the call inspires  
 Far other counsels, and desires,  
 Than once prevail'd ; we stand on higher ground ;  
 What scenes we see ! — Exalted aim !  
 With ardors *new*, our spirits flame ;  
 Ambition blest ! with more than *laurels* crown'd.





A

# SEA-PIECE.

## ODE the FIRST.

The BRITISH SAILOR'S *Exultation.*

I.

IN lofty sounds let those delight,  
Who brave the foe, but fear the fight;  
And bold in word, of arms decline the stroke:  
'Tis mean to boast; but great to lend  
To foes the counsel of a friend,  
And warn them of the vengeance they provoke.

II.

From whence arise these loud alarms?  
Why gleams the *south* with brandish'd arms?  
War bath'd in blood, from curst ambition springs:]  
Ambition, mean! ignoble pride!  
Perhaps their ardors may subside,  
When weigh'd the wonders *Britain's* sailor sings.

III. Hear,

## III.

Hear, and revere.—At *Britain's* nod,  
 From each enchanted grove and wood,  
 Hastes the huge *oak*, or shadeless forest leaves;  
 The mountain *pin*es assume new forms,  
 Spread canvas-wings, and fly through storms,  
 And ride o'er rocks, and dance on foaming waves.

## IV.

She *nods* again: The labouring earth  
 Discloses a tremendous birth;  
 In smoking rivers runs her molten ore;  
 Thence, monsters of enormous size,  
 And hideous aspect, threat'ning rise,  
 Flame from the deck, from trembling bastions roar.

## V.

These ministers of fate fulfil,  
 On empires wide, an *island's* will,  
 When thrones unjust wake vengeance: Know, yepow'rs!  
 In sudden night, and ponderous balls,  
 And floods of flame, the tempest falls,  
 When brav'd *Britannia's* awful senate low'rs.

## VI.

In her \* grand council she surveys,  
 In patriot picture, what may raise,  
 Of insolent attempts, a warm disdain;  
 From hope's triumphant summit thrown,  
 Like darted lightning, swiftly down  
 The wealth of *Ind*, and confidence of *Spain*.

## VII.

*Britannia* sheaths her courage keen,  
 And spares her nitrous magazine:  
 Her *cannon* slumber, till the proud aspire,

I 2

And

\* House of Lords.

And leave all law below them; then *they* blaze!  
 They thunder from resounding seas,  
 Touch'd by their injur'd master's soul of fire.

## VIII.

Then furies rise! the battle raves!  
 And rends the skies! and warms the waves!  
 And calls a tempest from the peaceful deep,  
 In spite of nature, spite of Jove,  
 While all-serene, and hush'd above,  
 Tumultuous winds in azure chambers sleep.

## IX.

A thousand deaths the bursting bomb  
 Hurls from her disembowel'd womb;  
 Chain'd, glowing globes, in dread alliance, join'd,  
 Red-wing'd by strong, sulphureous blasts,  
 Sweep, in black whirlwinds, men, and masts;  
 And leave singed, naked, blood-drown'd, decks behind.

## X.

Dwarf lawrels rise in tented fields;  
 The wreath immortal, *ocean* yields;  
 There war's whole sting is shot, whole fire is spent,  
 Whole glory blooms: How pale, how tame,  
 How lambent is *BELLONA's* flame;  
 How her storms languish on the continent?

## XI.

From the dread front of *antient* war  
 Less terror frown'd; her scythed car,  
 Her castled elephant, and batt'ring beam,  
 Stoop to those engines which deny  
 Superior terrors to the sky,  
 And boast their clouds, their thunder, and their flame.

## XII.

The flame, the thunder, and the cloud,  
 The night by day, the sea of blood,

Hofs



Hosts whirl'd in air, the yell of sinking throngs,  
 The graveless dead, an *ocean* warm'd,  
 A firmament by mortals storm'd,  
 To patient *Britain's* angry brow belongs.

## XIII.

Or do I dream? Or do I rave?  
 Or see I *VULCAN's* footy cave,  
 Where *Jove's* red bolts the giant brothers frame?  
 Those swarthy gods of *toil* and *heat*,  
 Loud peals on mountain anvils beat,  
 And panting tempests rouse the roaring flame.

## XIV.

Ye sons of *Ætna!* hear my call;  
 Unfinish'd let those baubles fall,  
 Yon shield of *MARS*, *MINERVA's* helmet blue;  
 Your strokes suspend, ye brawny throng!  
 Charm'd by the magic of my song,  
 Drop the feign'd thunder, and attempt the true.

## XV.

Begin: \* And, first, take the rapid *flight*,  
 Fierce *flame*, and clouds of thickest *night*,  
 And ghastly *terror*, paler than the dead;  
 Then, borrow from the north his *roar*,  
 Mix *groans*, and *deaths*; one *phial* pour  
 Of wrong'd *Britannia's* wrath; and it is made;  
*Gaul* starts, and trembles,—at your dreadful trade.

\* Alluding to *VIRGIL's* description of thunder.



# ODE the SECOND;

IN WHICH IS

The SAILOR's *Prayer* before Engagement.

## I.

*S*O form'd the bolt, ordain'd to break  
*Gaul's* haughty plain, and *Bourbon* shake;  
 If *Britain's* crimes support not *Britain's* foes,  
 And edge their swords: O Pow'r Divine!  
 If blest by Thee the bold design,  
 Embattled hosts a single arm o'erthrows.

## II.

Ye warlike dead, who fell of old  
 In *Britain's* cause, by fame enroll'd  
 In deathless annal! deathless deeds inspire;  
 From oozy beds, for *Britain's* sake,  
 Awake, illustrious chiefs! awake;  
 And kindle in your sons paternal fire.

## III.

The day commissioned from Above,  
 Our worth to weigh, our hearts to prove,  
 If war's full shock too *feeble* to sustain;  
 Or *firm* to stand its final blow,  
 When vital streams of blood shall flow,  
 And turn to crimson the discolour'd main;

## IV. *That*

## IV.

*That* day's arriv'd, that fatal hour! —

" Hear us, O hear, Almighty Pow'r!

" Our guide in counsel, and our strength in fight!

" Now war's important die is thrown,

" If left the day to man alone,

" How blind is wisdom, and how weak is might?

## V.

" Let prostrate hearts, and awful fear,

" Let deep remorse, and sighs sincere

" For *Britain's* guilt, the wrath divine appease;

" A wrath, more formidable far

" Than angry nature's wasteful war,

" The whirl of tempests, and the roar of seas.

## VI.

" From out the deep, to Thee we cry,

" To Thee, at nature's helm on high!

" Steer Thou our conduct, dread OMNIPOTENCE!

" To Thee for succour we resort;

" Thy favour is our only port;

" Our only rock of safety, thy defence.

## VII.

" O Thou, to whom the lions roar,

" And, not unheard, thy boon implore!

" Thy throne our bursts of cannon loud invoke:

" Thou canst arrest the flying ball;

4 " Or send it back, and bid it fall

" On those, from whose proud deck the thunder broke.

## VIII.

" *Britain*, in vain, extends her care

" To climes \* remote, for aids in war;

" Still farther must it stretch to crush the foe;

I 4

" There's

\* Russia.

“ There’s one alliance, one alone,  
 “ Can crown her arms, or fix her throne ;  
 “ And that alliance is not found below.

## IX.

“ ALLY SUPREME ! we turn to Thee ;  
 “ We learn obedience from the sea ;  
 “ With seas, and winds, henceforth, thy laws fulfil ;  
 “ ’Tis Thine our blood to freeze, or warm ;  
 “ To rouse, or hush, the martial storm ;  
 † And turn the tide of conquest, at thy will.

## X.

“ ’Tis Thine to beam sublime renown,  
 “ Or quench the glories of a crown ;  
 “ ’Tis Thine to doom, ’tis Thine from death to free ;  
 “ To turn aside his levell’d dart,  
 “ Or pluck it from the bleeding heart :—  
 “ There we cast anchor, we confide in THEE.

## XI.

“ THOU, who hast taught the *north* to roar,  
 “ And streaming † lights nocturnal pour  
 “ Of frightful aspect ! when proud foes invade,  
 “ Their blasted pride with dread to seize,  
 “ Bid *Britain’s* flags, as meteors, blaze ;  
 “ And GEORGE depute to thunder in thy stead.

## XII.

“ The *right* alone is bold, and strong ;  
 “ Black, hovering clouds appall the *wrong*  
 “ With dread of vengeance : Nature’s awful Sire !  
 “ Less than one moment shouldst Thou frown,  
 “ Where is puissance, and renown ?  
 “ Thrones tremble, empires sink, or worlds expire.

## XIII. “ Let

† Aurora Borealis.



## XIII.

- “ Let GEORGE the just chastise the vain :  
“ THOU, who dost curb the rebel main,  
“ To mount the shore when boiling billows rave !  
“ Bid GEORGE repel a bolder tide,  
“ The boundless swell of *Gallic* pride ;  
“ And check *ambition's* overwhelming wave.

## XIV.

- “ And when (all milder means withstood)  
“ *Ambition*, tam'd by loss of blood,  
“ Regains her reason ; then, on angels wings,  
“ Let *peace* descend, and shouting greet,  
“ With peals of joy, *Britannia's* fleet,  
“ How richly freighted ! It, triumphant, brings  
“ The poise of kingdoms, and the fate of kings.”



100

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EPISTLES

TO

MR. POPE,

CONCERNING THE

AUTHORS of the AGE.

M.DCC.XXX.

EPISTLES

TO  
MR. P. O. P. E.

CONCERNING THE

AUTHORS of the AGE.

MCCCLXX





## E P I S T L E I.

T O

M R. P O P E.

**W**Hilst you at *Twick'nam* plan the future wood,  
 Or turn the volumes of the wise and good,  
 Our senate meets ; at parties, parties bawl,  
 And pamphlets stun the streets, and load the stall ;  
 So rushing tides bring things obscene to light,  
 Foul wrecks emerge, and dead dogs swim in sight ;  
 The civil torrent foams, the tumult reigns,  
 And *Codrus*' prose works up, and *Lico*'s strains.  
 Lo ! what from *cellars* rise, what rush from high,  
 Where speculation roosted near the sky ;  
 Letters, Essays, Sock, Buskin, Satire, Song,  
 And all the *Garrat* thunders on the throng !  
 O *POPE* ! I burst ; nor can, nor will, refrain ;  
 I'll write ; let others, in their turn, complain :  
 Truce, truce, ye *Vandals* ! my tormented ear  
 Less dreads a pillory than a pamphleteer ;  
 I've *heard* myself to death, and, plagu'd each hour,  
 Shan't I return the vengeance in my pow'r ?

For

For who can write the true absurd like me? —  
Thy pardon, CODRUS! who, I mean, but thee?

POPE! if like mine, or CODRUS', were thy style,  
The blood of vipers had not stain'd thy file;  
Merit less solid, less despite had bred;  
They had not *bit*, and then they had not *bled*.  
*Fame* is a public mistress, none enjoys,  
But, more or less, his rival's peace destroys;  
With *fame*, in just proportion, *envy* grows;  
The man that makes a character, makes foes:  
Slight, peevish infects round a genius rise,  
As a bright day awakes the world of flies;  
With hearty malice, but with feeble wing,  
(To shew they live) they flutter, and they sting:  
But as by depredations wasps proclaim  
The fairest fruit, so these the fairest fame.

Shall we not censure all the motley train,  
Whether with ale irriguous, or champaign?  
Whether they tread the vale of prose, or climb,  
And whet their appetites on cliffs of rhyme;  
The college-sloven, or embroider'd spark;  
The purple prelate, or the parish clerk;  
The quiet *quidnunc*, or demanding prig;  
The plaintiff tory, or defendant whig;  
Rich, poor, male, female, young, old, gay, or sad;  
Whether extremely witty, or quite mad;  
Profoundly dull, or shallowly polite;  
Men that read well, or men that only write;  
Whether peers, porters, taylor, tune the reeds,  
And measuring words to measuring shapes succeeds;  
For bankrupts write, when ruin'd shops are shut,  
As maggots crawl from out a perish'd nut.  
His hammer this, and that his trowel quits,  
And, wanting sense for tradesmen, serve for wits.

By

By thriving men subsists each other trade ;  
 Of every *broken* craft a *Writer's* made :  
 Thus his material, Paper, takes its birth  
 From tatter'd rags of all the stuff on earth.

Hail, fruitful *isle* ! to thee alone belong  
 Millions of wits, and brokers in old song ;  
 Thee well a land of liberty we name,  
 Where all are free to scandal and to shame ;  
 Thy sons, by print, may set their hearts at ease,  
 And be mankind's contempt, whene'er they please ;  
 Like trodden filth, their vile and abject sense  
 Is unperceiv'd, but when it gives offence :  
 This heavy prose our injur'd reason tires ;  
 Their verse immoral kindles loose desires :  
 Our age they puzzle, and corrupt our prime,  
 Our sport and pity, punishment and crime.

What glorious motives urge our Authors on,  
 Thus to undo, and thus to be undone ?  
 One loses his estate, and down he sits,  
 To shew (in vain ! ) he still retains his wits :  
 Another marries, and his dear proves keen ;  
 He writes as an *Hypnotic* for the spleen ;  
 Some write, confin'd by physic ; some, by debt ;  
 Some, for 'tis *Sunday* ; some, because 'tis wet ;  
 Through private pique some do the public right,  
 And love their king and country out of spight :  
 Another writes, because his father writ,  
 And proves himself a bastard by his wit.

Has Lico learning, humour, thought profound ?  
 Neither : Why write then ? He wants twenty pound :  
 His belly, not his brains, this impulse give ;  
 He'll grow immortal ; for he cannot live :  
 He rubs his awful front, and takes his ream,  
 With no provision made, but of his theme ;

Perhaps

Perhaps a *title* has his fancy smit,  
 Or a quaint *motto*, which he thinks has wit :  
 He writes, in inspiration puts his trust,  
 Though wrong his thoughts, the *gods* will make them  
 just ;

Genius directly from the *gods* descends,  
 And who by labour would distrust his *friends* ?  
 Thus having reason'd with consummate skill,  
 In immortality he dips his quill :  
 And, since blank paper is deny'd the press,  
 He mingles the whole alphabet by guess :  
 In various sets, which various words compose,  
 Of which, he hopes, mankind the meaning knows.

So sounds spontaneous from the *Sibyl* broke,  
 Dark to herself the wonders which she spoke ;  
 The priests found out the meaning, if they cou'd ;  
 And nations star'd at what none understood.

CLODIO dress'd, danc'd, drank, visited, (the whole  
 And great concern of an immortal soul !)

Oft have I said, " Awake ! exist ! and strive  
 " For birth ! nor think to loiter is to live ! "

As oft I overheard the *daemon* say,  
 Who daily met the loit'rer in his way,  
*I'll meet thee, youth, at WHITE'S* : The youth replies,  
*I'll meet thee there*, and falls his sacrifice ;

His fortune squander'd, leaves his virtue bare  
 To ev'ry bribe, and blind to ev'ry snare :

CLODIO for bread his indolence must quit,  
 Or turn a soldier, or commence a wit.

Such heroes have we ! all, but life, they stake ;  
 How must *Spain* tremble, and the *German* shake ?

Such writers have we ! all, but sense, they print ;  
 Ev'n *GEORGE'S* praise is dated from the *Mint*.

In



In arms contemptible, in arts prophane,  
Such swords, such pens, disgrace a monarch's reign.  
Reform your lives before you thus aspire,  
And steal (for you *can steal*) celestial fire.

O! the just contrast! O the beauteous strife!  
'Twixt their cool writings, and *pindaric* life:  
They write with phlegm, but then they live with fire;  
*They* cheat the lender, and their *works* the buyer.

I reverence misfortune, not deride;  
I pity poverty, but laugh at pride;  
For who so sad, but must some mirth confess  
At gay CASTRUCHIO's miscellaneous dress?  
Though there's but one of the dull works he wrote,  
There's ten editions of his old lac'd coat.

These, nature's commoners, who want a home,  
Claim the wide world for their majestic dome;  
They make a private study of the street;  
And looking full on every man they meet,  
Run scuse against his chaps; who stands amaz'd  
'To find they did not see, but only gaz'd  
How must these bards be rapt into the skies?  
You need not *read*, you *feel* their ecstasies.

Will they persist? 'Tis madness; *Lintot*, run,  
See them confin'd — "O that's already done."  
Most, as by leaves, by the works they print,  
Have took, for life, possession of the *Mint*.  
If you mistake, and pity these poor men,  
*Est Ulubris*, they cry, and write again.

Such wits their nuisance manfully expose,  
And then pronounce just judges learning's foes;  
O frail conclusion! the reverse is true;  
If foes to learning, they'd be friends to you:  
Treat them, ye judges! with an honest scorn,  
And weed the cockle from the generous corn:

There's

There's true good-nature in your disrespect ;  
 In justice to the good, the bad neglect :  
 For immortality, if hardships plead,  
 It is not theirs who write, but ours who read.

But, O ! what wisdom can convince a fool,  
 But that 'tis dulness to conceive him dull ?

'Tis sad experience takes the censor's part,  
 Conviction, not from reason, but from smart.

A virgin-author, recent from the press,  
 The sheets yet wet, applauds his great success ;  
 Surveys them, reads them, takes their charms to bed,  
 Those in his hand, and glory in his head ;

'Tis joy too great ; a fever of delight !  
 His heart beats thick, nor close his eyes all night :  
 But rising the next morn to clasp his fame,  
 He finds, that without sleeping, he could dream :  
 So sparks, they say, take goddesses to bed,  
 And find next day the devil in their stead.

In vain *advertisements* the town o'erspread ;  
 They're epitaphs, and say the work is dead.  
 Who *press* for fame, but small recruits will raise ;  
 'Tis *voluntiers* alode can give the bays.

A famous author visits a great man,  
 Of his immortal work displays the plan,  
 And says, " Sir, I'm your friend ; all fears dismiss ;  
 " Your glory, and my own, shall live by this ;  
 " Your pow'r is fixt, your fame through time con-  
 " vey'd,

" And *Britain Europe's* Queen—if I am paid."

A Statesman has his answer in a trice ;

" Sir, such a genius is beyond all price ;

" What man can pay for this ?"—Away he turns ;  
 His work is folded, and his bosom burns :

His

His patron he will patronize no more ;  
 But rushes like a tempest out of door.  
 Lost is the patriot, and extinct his name !  
 Out comes the piece, another, and the same ;  
 For *A*, his magic pen evokes an *O*,  
 And turns the tide of *Europe* on the foe :  
 He rams his quill with scandal, and with scoff ;  
 But 'tis so very foul, it won't go off :  
 Dreadful his thunders, while unprinted, roar ;  
 But when once publish'd, they are heard no more.  
 Thus distant bugbears fright, but, nearer draw,  
 The block's a block, and turns to mirth your awe.  
 Can those oblige, whose heads and hearts are such ?  
 No ; every party's tainted by their touch.  
 Infected persons fly each public place ;  
 And none, or enemies alone, embrace :  
 To the foul fiend their every passion's sold :  
 They love, and hate, *extempore*, for gold :  
 What image of their fury can we form ?  
 Dulness and rage, a puddle in a storm.  
 Rest they in peace ? If you are pleas'd to *buy*,  
 To swell your sails, like *Lapland* winds, they fly :  
 Write they with rage ? The tempest quickly flags ;  
 A *State-Ulysses* tames 'em with his bags ;  
 Let him be what he will, *Turk*, *Pagan*, *Jew* :  
 For *Christian* ministers of state are few.

Behind the curtain lurks the fountain-head,  
 That pours his politics through pipes of lead,  
 Which far and near ejaculate, and spout  
 O'er tea and coffee, poison to the rout :  
 But when they have bespatter'd all they may,  
 The statesman throws his filthy squirts away !

With *golden* forceps, these, another takes,  
 And state elixirs of the vipers makes.

The

The *richest* statesman wants wherewith to pay  
 A fervile sycophant, if well they weigh  
 How much it costs the wretch to be so base ;  
 Nor can the *greatest* pow'rs enough *disgrace*,  
 Enough *chastise*, such prostitute applause,  
 If well they weigh how much it stains their cause.  
 But are our writers ever in the wrong ?  
 Does virtue ne'er seduce the venal tongue ?  
 Yes ; if well-brib'd, for virtue self they fight ;  
 Still in the wrong, though champions for the right :  
 Whoe'er their crimes for interest only quit,  
 Sin on in virtue, and good deeds *commit*.

Nought but inconstancy *Britannia* meets,  
 And broken faith in their abandon'd sheets ;  
 From the same hand how various is the page ?  
 What civil war their brother pamphlets wage ?  
 Tracts battle tracts, self-contractions glare ;  
 Say, is this lunacy ?—I wish it were.  
 If such our writers, startled at the sight,  
 Felons may bless their stars they cannot write !

How justly PROTEUS' transmigrations fit  
 The monstrous changes of a modern wit ?  
 Now, such a gentle *stream* of eloquence  
 As seldom rises to the verge of sense ;  
 Now, by mad rage, transform'd into a *flame*,  
 Which yet fit engines, well apply'd, can tame ;  
 Now, on immodest trash, the *swine obscene*,  
 Invites the town to sup at *Drury-lane* ;  
 A dreadful *lion*, now he roars at pow'r,  
 Which sends him to his brothers at the *Tow'r* ;  
 He's now a *serpent*, and his double tongue  
 Salutes, nay licks, the feet of those he stung ;  
 What knot can bind him, his evasion such ?  
 One knot he well deserves, which might do much.

The



The flood, flame, swine, the lion, and the snake,  
 Those fivefold monsters, modern authors make :  
 The *Snake* reigns most ; Snakes, *PLINY* says, are bred,  
 When the *brain's* perish'd in a human head.  
 Ye grov'ling, trodden, whipt, stript, turncoat, things,  
 Made up of venom, volumes, stains, and stings !  
 Thrown from the *Tree of knowledge*, like you, curst  
 To scribble in the dust, was Snake the first.

What if the *figure* should in *fact* prove true ?  
 It did in *ELKENAH*, why not in you ?  
 Poor *ELKENAH*, all other changes past,  
 For bread in *Smithfield dragons* hilt as last,  
 Spit streams of fire to make the butchers gape,  
 And found his manners suited to his shape :  
 Such is the fate of talents misapply'd ;  
 So liv'd your *Prototype* ; and so he dy'd.

Th' abandon'd manners of our writing train  
 May tempt mankind to think religion vain ;  
 But in their fate, their habit, and their mien,  
 That gods there are, is eminently seen :  
 Heav'n stands absolv'd by vengeance on their pen,  
 And marks the murderers of fame from men :  
 Through meagre jaws they draw their venal breath,  
 As ghastly as their brothers in *Macbeth* :  
 Their feet through faithless leather meet the dirt,  
 And oftner chang'd their principles than shirt.  
 The transient vestments of these frugal men,  
 Hastens to paper for our mirth agen :  
 Too soon (O merry-melancholy fate !)  
 They beg in rhyme, and warble through a grate :  
 The man lampoon'd forgets it at the sight ;  
 The friend through pity gives, the foe through spite ;  
 And though full conscious of his injur'd purse,  
 LINTOT relents, nor CURLL can wish them worse.

So

So fare the men, who writers dare commence  
Without their *patent*, probity, and sense.

From *these*, their politics our *quidnuncs* seek,  
And *Saturday's* the learning of the week :  
*These* labouring wits, like paviours, mend our ways,  
With heavy, huge, repeated, flat, essays,  
Ram their coarse nonsense down, though ne'er so dull;  
And hem at every thump upon your skull :  
*These* staunch-bred writing hounds begin the cry,  
And honest folly echoes to the lye.  
O how I laugh, when I a blockhead see,  
Thanking a villain for his *probity*.  
Who stretches out a most respectful ear,  
With snares for woodcocks in his holy leer :  
It tickles through my soul to hear the *cock's*  
Sincere encomium on his friend the *fox*,  
Sole *patron* of his *liberties* and *rights* !  
While graceless *Reynard* listens — till he bites.  
As when the trumpet sounds, th' o'erloaded state  
Discharges all her *poor* and *profligate* ;  
Crimes of all kinds dishonour'd weapons wield,  
And *prisons* pour their filth into the field ;  
Thus nature's refuse, and the dregs of men,  
Compose the *black militia* of the *pen*.

EPISTLE



## E P I S T L E II.

F R O M

O X F O R D.

**A** L L write at *London*; shall the rage abate  
 Here, where it most should shine, the *Muses seat*?  
 Where, mortal or immortal, as they please,  
 The learn'd may chuse eternity, or ease?  
 Has not a \* ROYAL PATRON wisely strove  
 To woo the muse in her *Athenian* grove?  
 Added new strings to her harmonious shell,  
 And giv'n new tongues to those who spoke so well?  
 Let *these* instruct, with truth's illustrious ray,  
 Awake the world, and scare our owls away.

Mean while, O friend! indulge me, if I give  
 Some needful precepts how to *write*, and *live*;  
 Serious should be an author's final views;  
 Who write for pure amusement, ne'er amuse.

An

\* His late Majesty's benefaction for modern languages.

An *Author*! 'Tis a venerable name!  
 How few deserve it, and what numbers claim?  
 Unblest with sense above their peers refin'd,  
 Who shall stand up, *dictators* to mankind?  
 Nay, who dare *shine*, if not in *virtue's* cause?  
 That sole proprietor of just applause.

Ye restless men, who pant for letter'd praise,  
 With whom would you consult to gain the bays?—  
 With those great authors whose fam'd works you read?  
 'Tis well: go, then, consult the laurell'd shade.  
 What answer will the laurell'd shade return?  
 Hear it, and tremble! he commands you burn  
 The noblest works his envy'd genius writ,  
 That boast of nought more excellent than *wit*.  
 If this be true, as 'tis a truth most dread,  
 Woe to the page which has not *that* to plead!  
*Fontaine* and *Chaucer*, dying, wish'd unwrote  
 The sprightliest efforts of their wanton thought:  
*Sidney* and *Waller*, brightest sons of fame,  
 Condemn the charm of ages to the flame:  
 And in one point is all true wisdom cast,  
 To think that *early* we must think *at last*.

Immortal wits, ev'n *dead*, break nature's laws,  
 Injurious still to virtue's sacred cause;  
 And their guilt growing, as their bodies rot,  
 (Rever'd ambition; pant to be *forgot*.)

Thus ends your courted *fame*: does lucre then,  
 The sacred *thirst* of *gold* betray your pen?  
 In prose 'tis blameable, in verse 'tis worse,  
 Provokes the muse, extorts *Apollo's* curse;  
 His sacred influence never should be sold;  
 'Tis arrant *Simony* to sing for gold:  
 'Tis immortality should fire your mind;  
 Scorn a less paymaster than all mankind.

If



If bribes you seek, know this, ye writing tribe!  
 Who writes for virtue has the largest bribe:  
 All's on the party of the virtuous man;  
 The good will surely serve him, if they can;  
 The bad, when interest, or ambition guide,  
 And 'tis at once their *interest* and their *pride*:  
 But should both fail to take him to their care,  
 He boasts a *greater* friend, and both may spare.

Letters to man uncommon light dispense;  
 And what is virtue, but superior sense;  
 In parts and learning you who place your pride,  
 Your faults are crimes, your crimes are double-dy'd.  
 What is a scandal of the first renown,  
 But letter'd knaves, and *atheists* in a gown?

'Tis harder far to please than give offence;  
 The least misconduct damns the brightest sense;  
 Each shallow pate, that cannot read your name,  
 Can read your life, and will be proud to blame.  
 Flagitious manners make impressions deep  
 On those, that o'er a page of *Milton* sleep:  
 Nor in their dulness think to save your shame,  
 True, these are fools; but wise men say the same.

Wits are a despicable race of men,  
 If they confine their talents to the pen;  
 When the man shocks us, while the writer shines,  
 Our scorn in life, our envy in his lines.  
 Yet, proud of parts, with prudence some dispense,  
 And play the fool, because they're men of sense.  
 What instances bleed recent in each thought,  
 Of men to ruin by their *genius* brought?  
 Against their wills what numbers ruin shun,  
 Purely through want of wit to be undone?  
 Nature has shewn, by making it so rare,  
 That *wit's* a jewel which we need not wear.

Of plain sound *sense* life's current coin is made;  
With that we drive the most substantial trade.

Prudence protects and guides us; wit betrays;  
A splendid source of ill ten thousand ways;  
A certain snare of miseries immense;  
A gay prerogative from common sense;  
Unless strong judgment that wild thing can tame,  
And break to paths of virtue and of fame.

But grant your judgment equal to the best,  
Sense fills your head, and genius fires your breast;  
Yet still forbear: your wit (consider well)  
'Tis great to shew, but greater to conceal;  
As it is great to seize the golden prize  
Of place or power; but greater to despise.

If still you languish for an author's name,  
Think private merit less than public fame,  
And fancy not to write is not to live;  
Deserve, and take, the great prerogative.  
But ponder what it is; how dear 'twill cost,  
To write one page which you may justly boast.

Sense may be good, yet not deserve the press;  
Who write, an awful character profess;  
The world as pupil of their wisdom claim,  
And for their stipend an immortal fame:  
Nothing but what is solid or refin'd,  
Should dare ask public audience of mankind.

Severely weigh your learning and your wit:  
Keep down your pride by what is nobly writ:  
No writer, fam'd in your own way, pass o'er;  
Much trust example, but reflexion more:  
More had the ancients writ, they more had taught;  
Which shews some work is left for modern thought.

This weigh'd, perfection know; and, known, adore;  
Toil, burn for that; but do not aim at more;

Above,

Above, beneath it, the just limits fix;  
And zealously prefer four lines to six.

Write, and re-write, blot out, and write again,  
And for its *swiftness* ne'er applaud your pen.  
Leave to the jockeys that *Newmarket* praise,  
Slow runs the *Pegasus* that wins the bays.

*Much time* for *immortality* to pay,  
Is just and wise; for *less* is thrown away.  
*Time* only can mature the labouring brain;  
*Time* is the father, and the midwife *pain*:  
The same good sense that makes a man excel,  
Still makes him doubt he ne'er has written well.  
Downright impossibilities they seek;  
What man can be immortal in a week?

Excuse no *fault*; though beautiful, 'twill harm;  
One fault shocks more than twenty beauties charm.  
Our age demands correctness; *Addison*  
And *you* this commendable hurt have done.  
Now writers find, as once *Achilles* found,  
The *whole* is mortal, if a *part's* unsound.

He that *strikes out*, and strikes not out the *best*,  
Pours lustre in, and dignifies the rest:  
Give e'er so little, if what's right be there,  
We praise for what you *burn*, and what you *spare*:  
The part you burn, smells sweet before the throne,  
And is as incense to the part divine.

Nor *frequent* write, though you can do it well;  
Men may too *oft*, though not too *much*, excel.  
A few good works gain fame; more sink their price;  
Mankind are fickle, and hate paying twice:  
They granted you writ well, what can they more,  
Unless you let them praise for giving o'er?

Do *boldly* what you do, and let your page  
Smile, if it smiles, and if it rages, rage.

So faintly *Lucius* censures and commends,  
That *Lucius* has no foes, except his friends.

Let *satire* less engage you than *applause* ;  
It shews a gen'rous mind to wink at flaws :  
Is genius yours ? be yours a glorious end,  
Be your *king's*, *country's*, *truth's*, *religion's*, friend ;  
The public glory by your own beget ;  
Run nations, run posterity, in debt.  
And since the fam'd alone make others live,  
First *have* that glory you presume to *give*.

If *satire* charms, strike faults, but spare the man ;  
'Tis dull to be as witty as you can.

*Satire* recoils whenever charg'd too high ;  
Round your own fame the fatal splinters fly.  
As the soft plume gives swiftness to the dart,  
Good-breeding sends the *satire* to the heart.

Painters and surgeons may the *structure* scan ;  
*Genius* and *morals* be with you the *man* :

Defaults in those alone should give offence !

Who strikes the *person*, pleads his innocence.

My narrow-minded *satire* can't extend

To *Codrus*' form ; I'm not so much his friend :

Himself should publish that (the world agree)

Before his works, or in the pillory.

Let him be black, fair, tall, short, thin, or fat,

Dirty or clean, I find no theme in that.

Is that call'd *humour* ? It has this pretence,

'Tis neither virtue, breeding, wit, or sense.

Unless you boast the genius of a *Swift*,

Beware of *humour*, the dull rogue's *last shift*.

Can others write like you ? Your task give o'er,

'Tis printing what was publish'd long before.

If nought peculiar through your labours run,

They're duplicates, and twenty are but one.

Think



Life, like their bibles, coolly men turn o'er;  
Hence unexperienc'd children of threescore.  
True, all men think of course, as all men dream;  
And if they slightly think, 'tis much the same.

Weighty the *subject*, cogent the *discourse*,  
Clear be the *style*, the very *sound* of force ;  
Easy the *conduct*, simple the *design*,  
Striking the *moral*, and the *soul* divine :  
Let nature art, and judgment wit, exceed ;  
O'er learning reason reign ; o'er that, your *Creed* :  
Thus *virtue's seeds*, at once, and *laurel's* grow ;  
Do thus, and rise a *Pope*, or a *Despreau* :  
And when your genius exquisitely shines,  
Live up to the full lustre of your lines :  
Parts but expose those men who virtue quit ;  
A fallen angel is a fallen wit ;  
And they plead *Lucifer's* detested cause,  
Who for bare talents challenge our applause.  
Would you restore just honours to the pen ?  
From able writers *rise* to worthy men.

‘ Who’s this with nonsense, nonsense would restrain?  
‘ Who’s this (they cry) so vainly schools the vain?  
‘ Who

“ Who damns our trash, with so much trash replete ?

“ As, three ells round, huge *Cheyne* rails at meat ?”

Shall I with *Bavius* then my voice exalt,  
And challenge all mankind to find one fault ?  
With huge *Examens* overwhelm my page,  
And darken reason with dogmatic rage ?  
As if, one tedious volume writ in rhyme,  
In prose a duller could excuse the crime ?  
Sure, next to writing, the most idle thing  
Is gravely to harangue on what we sing.

At that tribunal stands the writing tribe,  
Which nothing can intimidate or bribe :  
*Time* is the judge ; *Time* has nor friend nor foe ;  
False fame *must* wither, and the true *will* grow.  
Arm’d with this truth, all critics I defy ;  
For if I fall, by my *own* pen I die ;  
While snarlers strive with proud but fruitless pain,  
To wound *immortals*, or to slay the slain.

Sore prest with danger, and in awful dread  
Of twenty pamphlets levell’d at my head,  
Thus have I forg’d a buckler in my brain,  
Of recent form, to serve me this campaign ;  
And safely hope to quit the dreadful field  
Delug’d with ink, and sleep behind my shield ;  
Unless dire *Codrus* rouses to the fray  
In all his might, and damns me—for a day.

As turns a flock of geese, and, on the green,  
Poke out their foolish necks in aukward spleen,  
(Ridiculous in rage !) to *biss*, not *bite*,  
So war their quills, when *sons of dulness* write.

10 DE 68

END OF VOLUME FIRST.

